

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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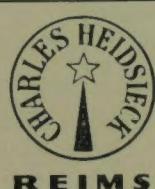
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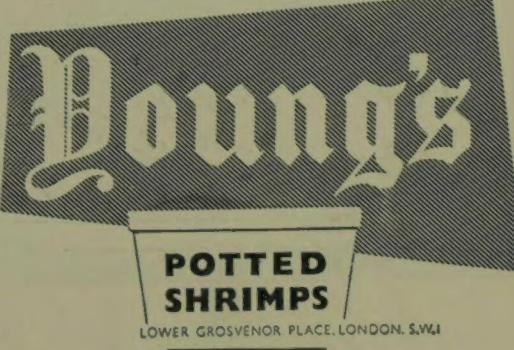
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*and a splash of Soda
makes the perfect
TONIC WATER*

**SODASTREAM
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*and a splash of Soda
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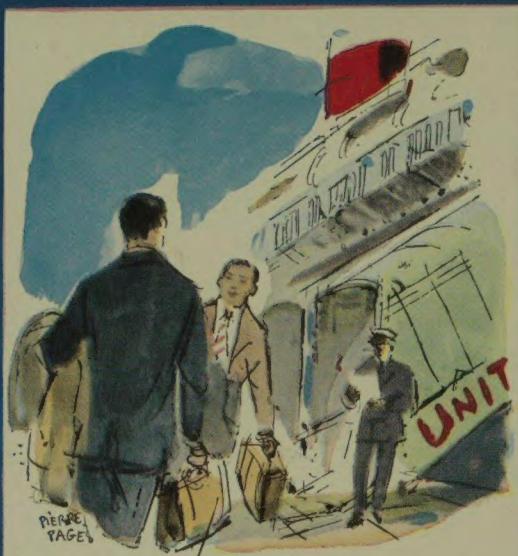
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the finest
SHRIMPS
are



**POTTED
SHRIMPS**

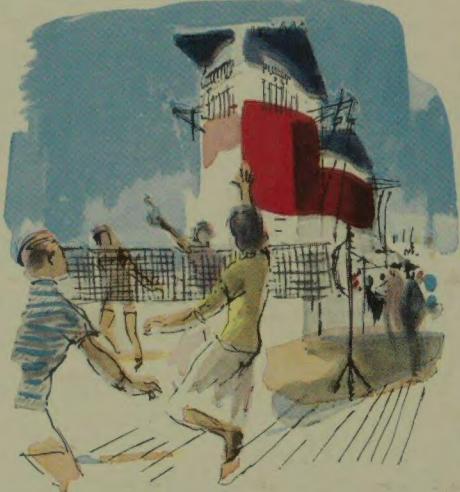
LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1



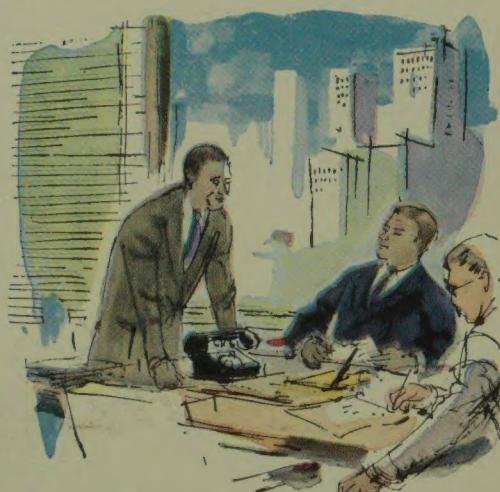
This man is getting to America the easy way—by walking the 50 steps onto one of the U.S. Lines ships.



This man came alone. But now he has met two Americans who are also in the motor industry.



These people all believe in plenty of fresh air and having a good holiday while crossing the Atlantic.



The man in the motor business was lucky. His American friends invited him to a conference in America.



Sparkling days on the Atlantic turn business into pleasure!

Men who must travel a great deal find that the best way to cross the Atlantic on a business trip is by sea. A sea voyage is a tonic, an easy, lazy, fresh-air life—true luxurious living.

Luxurious is the only word for it—especially when you travel by United States Lines. The two liners, the "United States" and the "America," are in the tradition of the world's most famous hotels—the last word in comfort and service, together with pressure-free informality.

The result is as good as a holiday. It means, for a businessman, a completely refreshed outlook and a new store of energy to help you "get cracking" on the business that lies ahead.

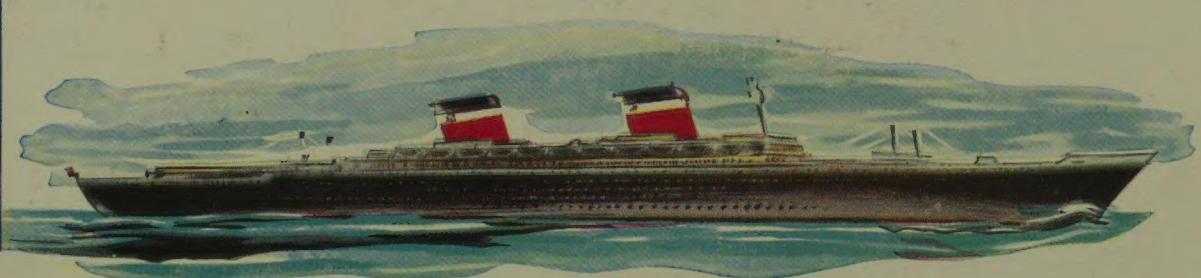
But perhaps the best reason of all for making your business trip by U.S. Lines is the prospect of spending a few days in the company of American businessmen, the

men who can best put you in the picture about American ideas and answer your many questions about the American business point of view. Chances are, some of these men may turn out to be the sort of contacts you were hoping to make when you get there.

9 POINTERS TO LUXURY TRAVEL

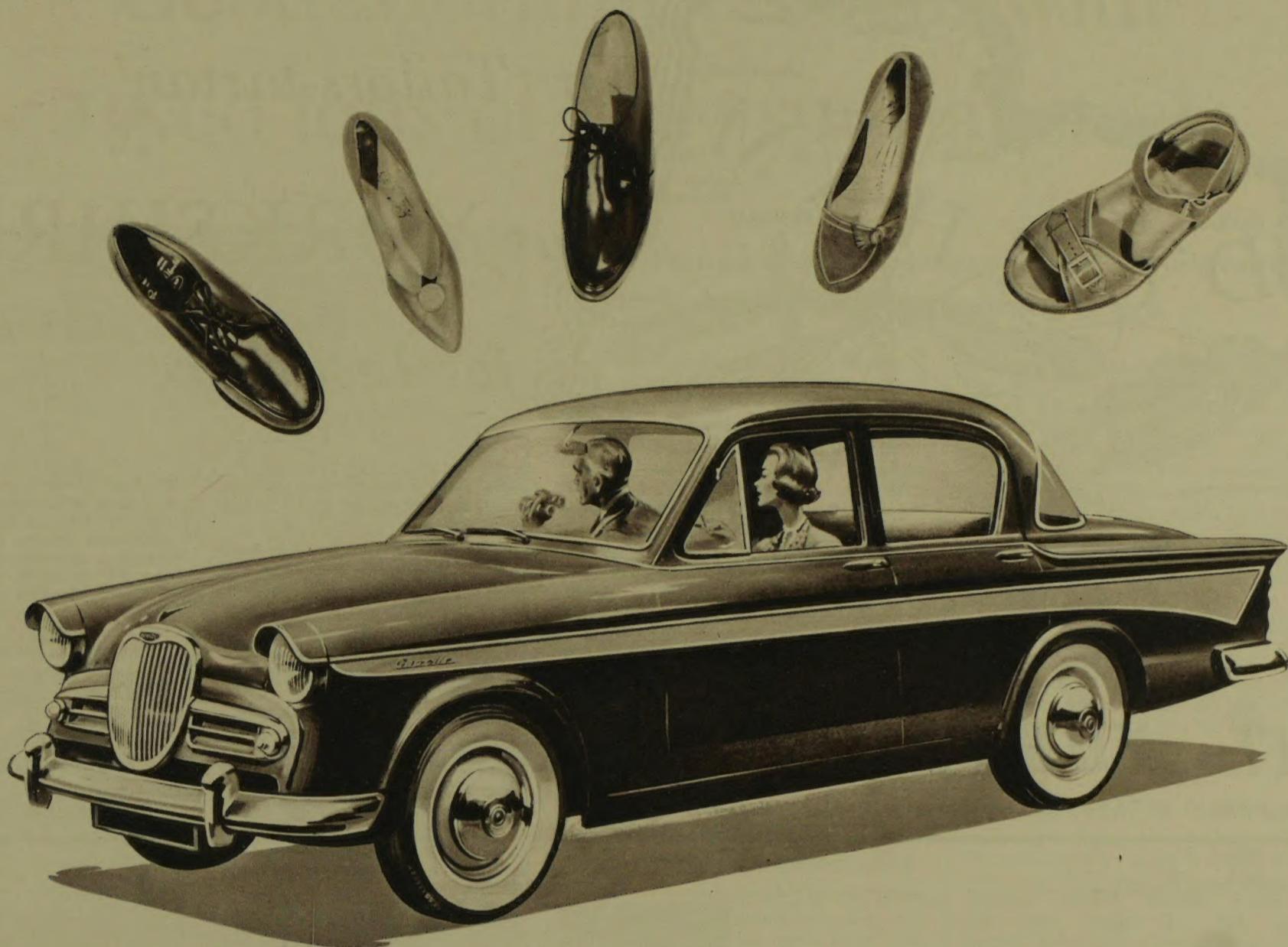
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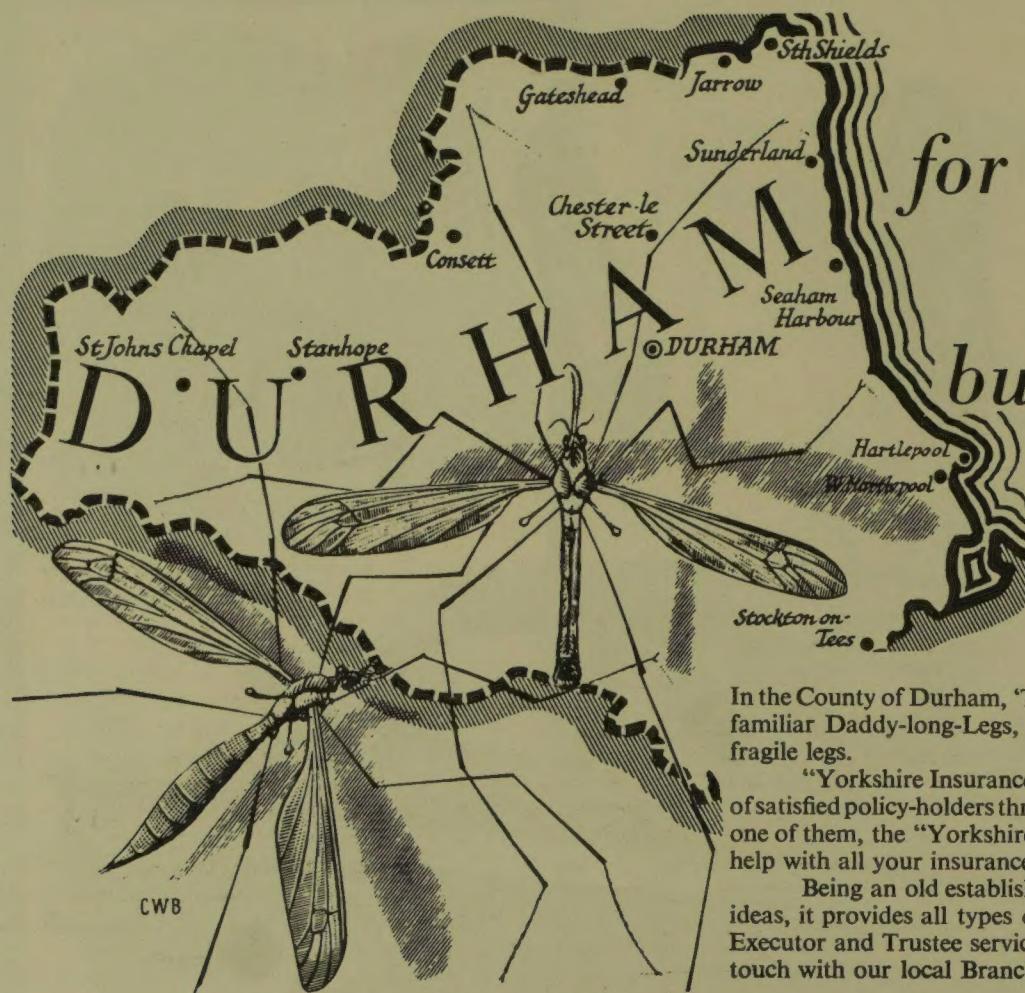
SALOON (illustrated) £598.0.0 plus p.t. £250.5.10 **CONVERTIBLE** £675.0.0 plus p.t. £282.7.6 **ESTATE CAR** £665.0.0 plus p.t. £278.4.2

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Marchon make detergent chemicals and sell them all over the world.

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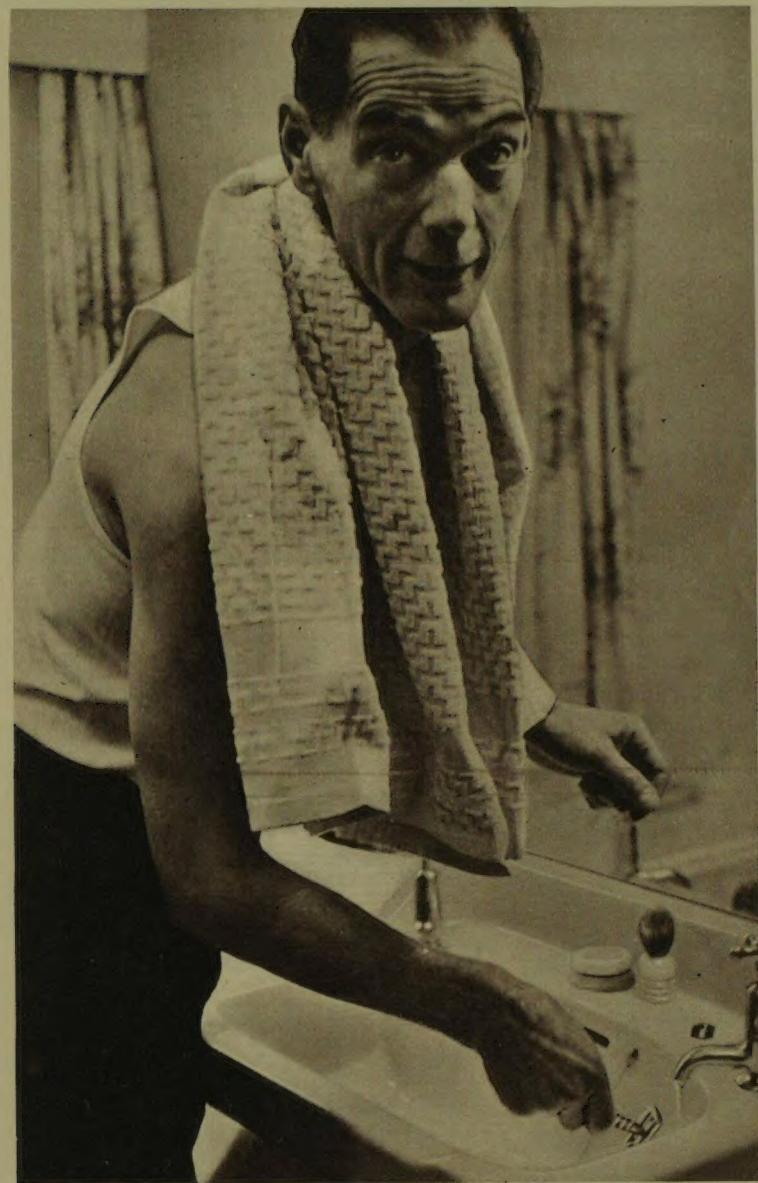
Manufacturers of: Fatty alcohol sulphates (Empicols), Emulsifiers (Empilans), Self-emulsifying waxes (Empiwaxes), Alkyl aryl sulphonates (Nansa), Hydrotopes (Elitesols), and other detergent bases in powder, paste and liquid forms; Fatty alcohols (Laurex); Phosphoric acid and complex phosphates (Empiphos).



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'Good Mornings' begin with 1,500 tons of very special steel



F. H. HAPPOLD For most of his working life F. H. Happold has been a journalist writing mainly on economic, industrial and financial subjects.

He has studied the British industrial scene from almost every angle over 25 years, and believes he recognises outstanding business efficiency when he comes across it.

F. H. Happold, distinguished industrial journalist, finds a story behind his morning shave.

A RAZOR BLADE weighs one-fortieth of an ounce. It is 4 to 5 thousandths of an inch thick.

Yet all the razor blades made in a year by the Gillette factory on the Great West Road, Middlesex, use up over 1,500 tons of very special steel strip — nearly 50,000 miles of it! Laid one on top of another, a year's output of blades would make a stack 25 times the height of Mount Everest!

Automatic machinery — covering acres of floor — punches, hardens, tempers, lacquers, prints, grinds, strops and hones the blades all day long. And the steel for this rapid continuous production must be as flawless as the finished blade. It must be absolutely uniform.

At one time the supply of this special razor blade steel came from abroad. But a Stocksbridge steel firm tackled the job of producing it and quickly became master of the intricate technique.

NOW IT'S EARNING DOLLARS

Mr. J. F. Kayser, hard-headed North country Gillette metallurgist, was emphatic: "There's no better razor blade steel in the world than the special steel made in Britain."

So good is the British product that even in America the use of British razor blade steel is increasing, thus adding to our dollar earnings.

How was it done? In terms of plant, it meant brand new electric furnaces, rolling mills, instruments and so on, with new buildings to house them. It meant a major research effort. Above all, it called for the closest collaboration between experienced steelmakers and the experts in razor blade manufacture.

To maintain standards, close co-

operation has continued to this day. At the steel works and at the razor blade factory the steel is subjected to identical tests. With a material so incalculable as steel, sudden snags can arise. Is it the steel or are the machines responsible? No one tries to pass the buck: the experts are at one in their determination to get at the truth; they exchange visits whenever necessary. All the time the supplier is experimenting in an effort still further to improve the product.

Such is the service which steel users expect — and receive — from Britain's steel firms. In a craft as complex as steel-making, the customer's needs can often be met only by this sort of close collaboration. The result is that one firm alone may make over 500 different kinds of steel, all developed for different purposes.

NOT JUST RAZOR BLADES . . .

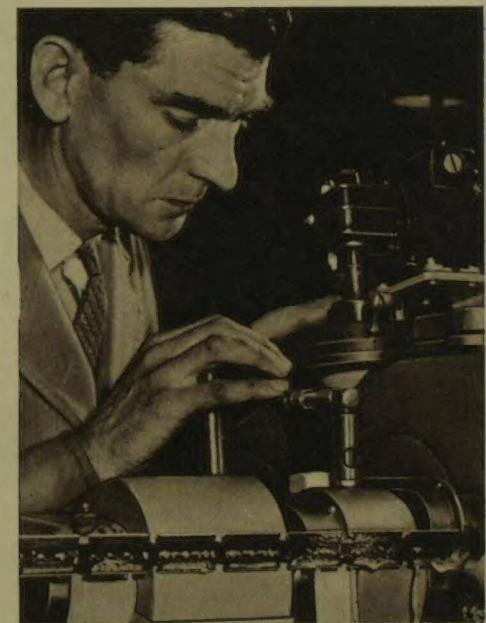
The morning shave is but one of the thousands of ways in which special steels enter our daily lives. We use them in vacuum cleaners, washing machines, typewriters, motor cars, hair clips, needles and scissors — and a host of other everyday objects. Each one has probably called on the specialised knowledge and devotion of teams of technologists and skilled workers in both the steelmaking and manufacturing firms.

Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.



ROD REVITT, first hand melter at a Stocksbridge steel firm, taps 70 tons of molten steel from an electric arc furnace. This is the first step in making razor blades.



MACHINES LIKE THIS must turn out blades by the million — and to keep them running smoothly the special steel used must be as flawless as the finished blades.

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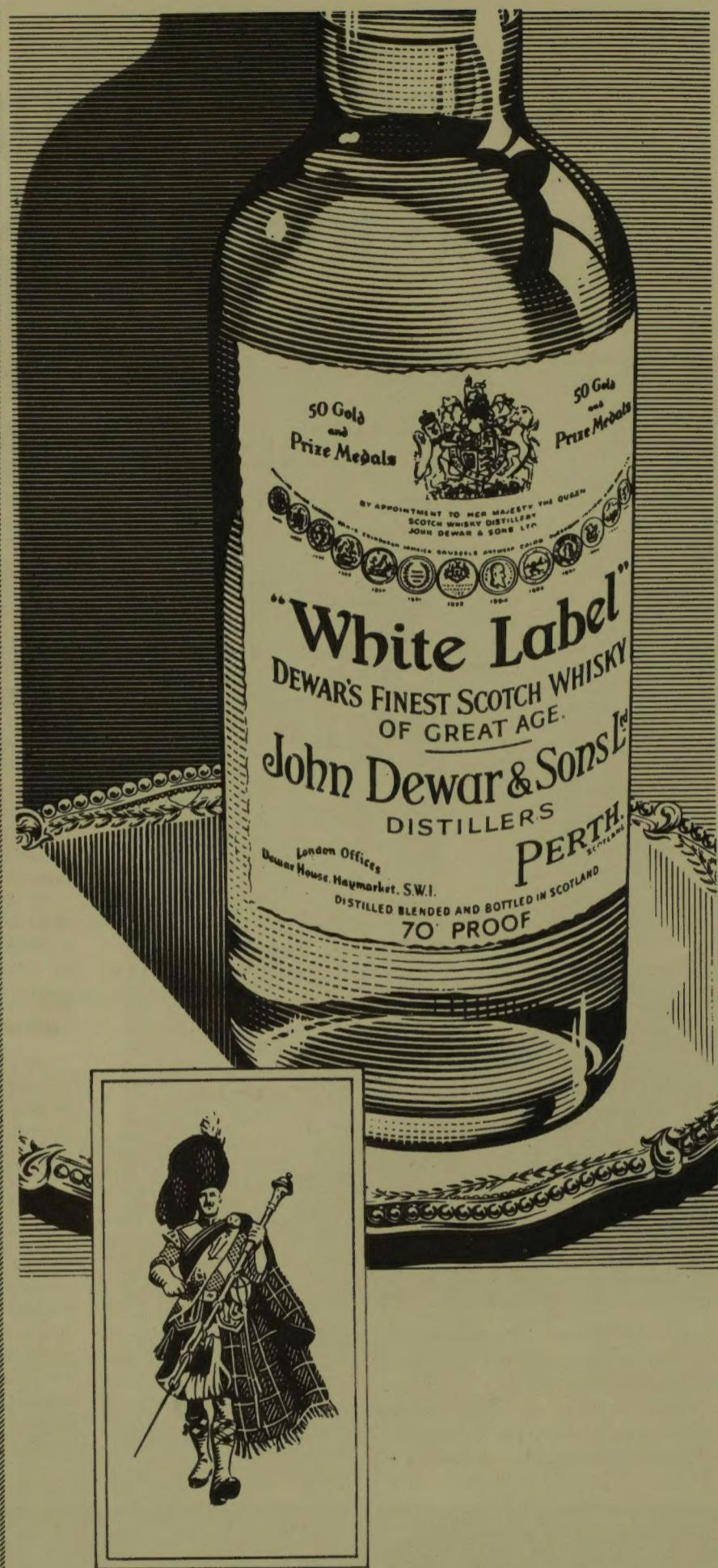


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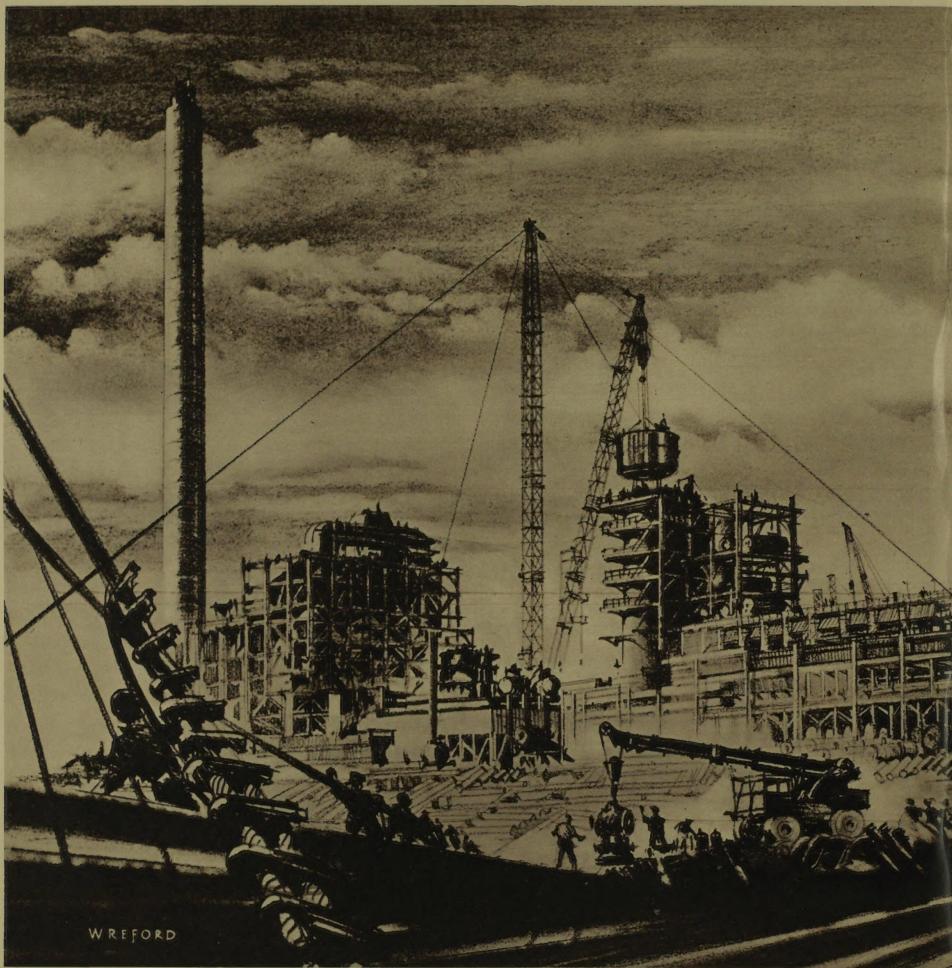
CARONIA WEST INDIES CRUISE January 19 (13 days)

MAURETANIA WEST INDIES CRUISES February 5 (18 days);

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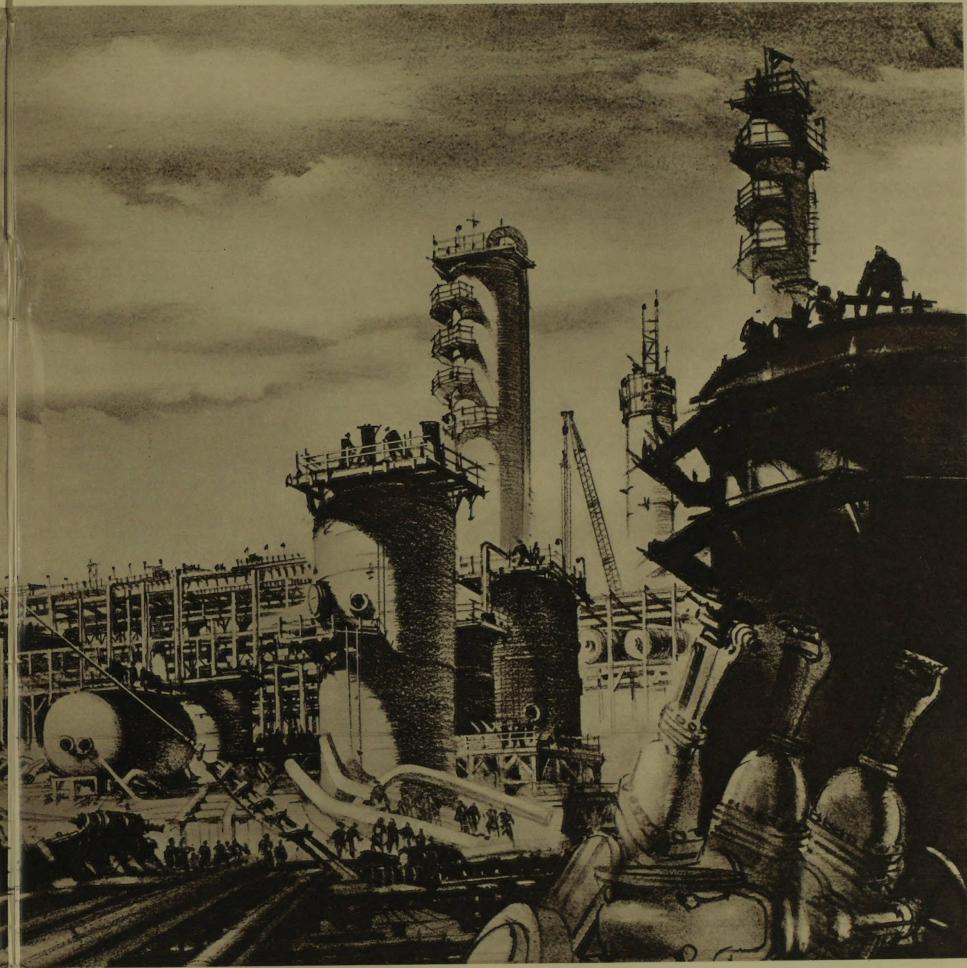


Barely a year after the first ground was broken, the new Esso oil port and refinery on Milford Haven have reached the half-way stage of construction. Above is an impression of part of the 350-acre site, by the distinguished artist, Mr Denis Wreford.

£18 million is being invested in this new British oil port which will be capable of berthing tankers of 100,000 tons. Over 2,000 men are now at work on it. 4½ million tons of oil will begin to flow through the labyrinth of pipes, tanks and towers, every year, when the entire project is completed in November 1960. By that date also, regular employment will have been created for 450 people, mostly recruited from the residents of

neighbouring towns and villages. Customs revenues from the output of finished products will exceed £30 million annually. Shipping dues on tanker operations, and rates on the refinery itself, will also yield additional revenues for local authorities.

Care has been taken to reduce the impact of this new industrial enterprise upon an open countryside and coastline. For example, from the outset this refinery has been planned and constructed with the advice of a professional landscape architect. It is also the first refinery in Britain to be air-cooled throughout, thus eliminating the need for large quantities of sea-water normally required for cooling, and thereby reducing



the dangers of sea pollution by oil. Again, where soil and weather conditions permit, tree plantations are planned to screen unavoidably broken skylines. The marine jetty has been designed in such a manner as to allow local inshore fishing craft to follow their customary passages.

If you are ever in the Milford Haven district, you are warmly invited to view this second complete refinery to be built by Esso in Britain since the war. We believe it represents a welcome advance towards greater prosperity for Wales. A belief which we are happy to find is widely shared by the people of Pembrokeshire. When may we expect you?



"High time I had a real fling!" decided Miss Metcalfe . . .

When the school sent out, to parents and Old Girls, the notice about Miss Metcalfe's retirement, Sir Timothy remembered that 'M' had been his daughter's favourite at St. Anne's, and vice versa. He wrote to 'M', with a private contribution to top up the public whip-round—and some advice.

Thirty-five years is a long time to lead the ordered life of a hard-working school-teacher. And now Miss Metcalfe had a nest-egg. Retirement at the age of 60 seemed to call for something special in the way of a holiday—something quite, quite different . . . she wanted to see new places, meet new people, be warm, be pampered. And she never wanted to write Reports again.

She took Sir Timothy's advice—a sea trip, clockwise round Africa, by Union-Castle. It'd be nine whole weeks of sea air, with oceans of sunshine, and calls at the most Sinbad-sounding ports. And she wouldn't have to write a



report of it, even for the School Magazine.

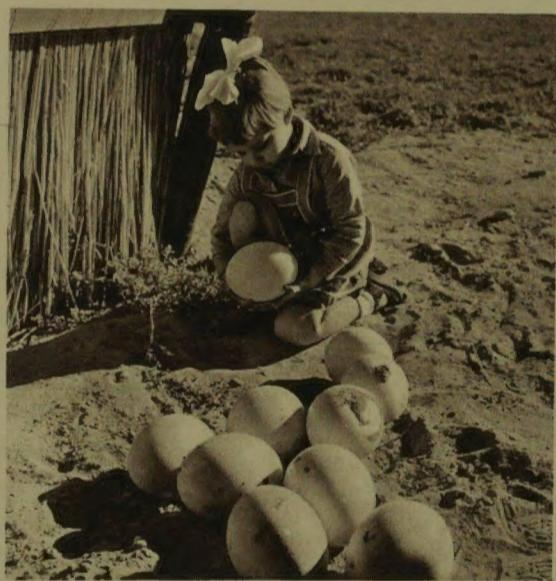
So one grey and chilly autumn afternoon Miss Metcalfe, seen off by Sir Timothy, the Headmistress and two of the Governors, leaned on the rail of the Kenya Castle, outward bound

from London. Four days later she was in the hot sun of the Mediterranean.

She felt relaxed and lazy and wonderfully spoilt. She was sure she was eating too much. The food was superb—her appetite enormous.

9 sun-drenched weeks round Africa

She made a table-full of new friends in the dining room, and became honorary godmother to a noisy group in the Nursery. As they travelled south, she found herself shopping in places that previously she'd only known by their Latitudes, Longitudes and Chief Exports: Port Said, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Lourenco Marques. And on the dock at Durban Sir Timothy's daughter, plus South African husband, was waiting to whisk 'M' off, by car, to



see Natal, the Game Reserves and the Cape—and to meet the Kenya Castle and her heavy luggage again at Cape Town.

Miss Metcalfe, back in England, becomingly tanned, and feeling a far from ancient mariner, had had a wonderful holiday. They did persuade her to write a Report of it in the Magazine after all. And her Report was 'Excellent. Top marks in all subjects.'

the going's good by

UNION CASTLE



CASTLE

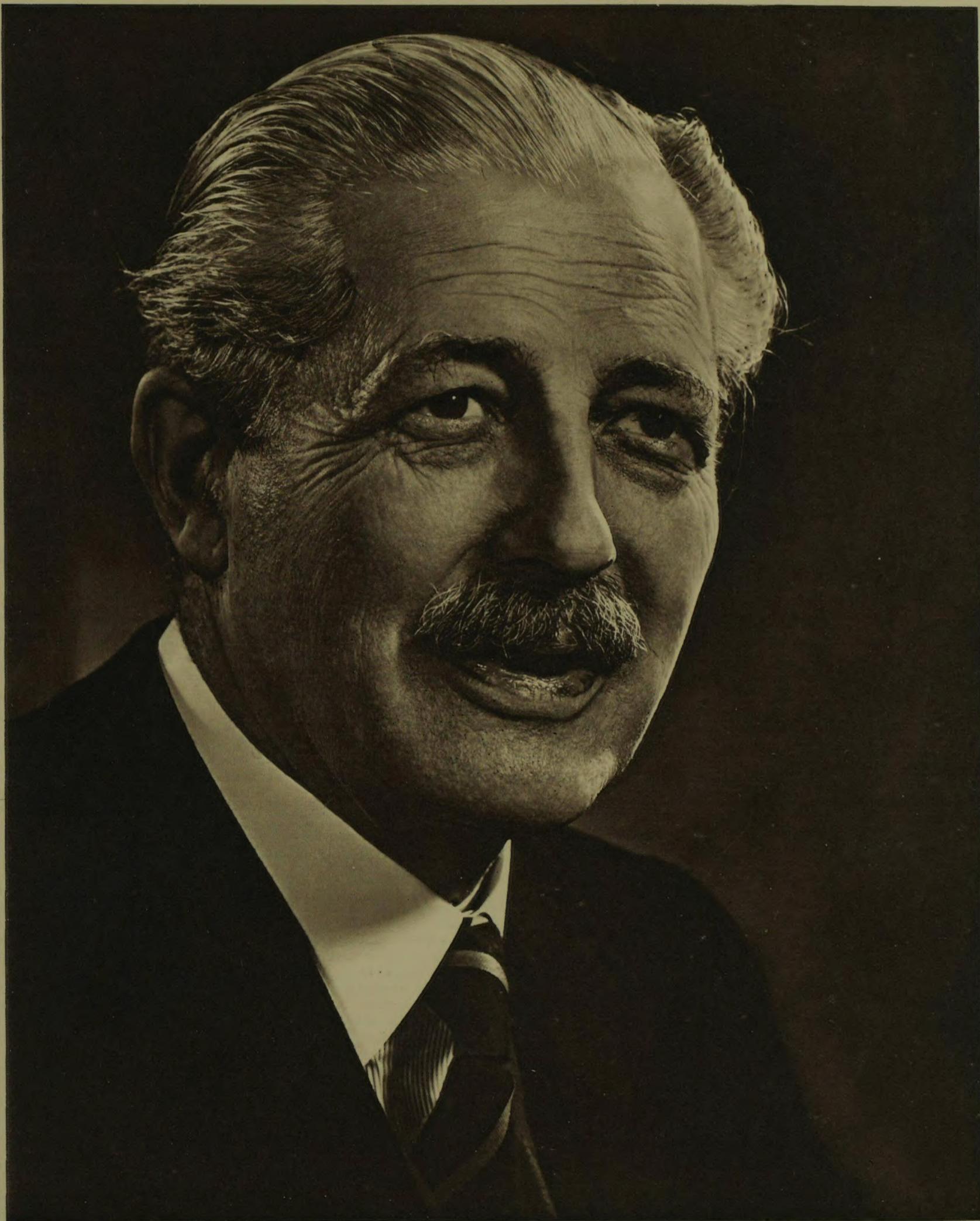
THE BIG SHIP WAY TO AFRICA

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19-21 Old Bond Street, London, W.I. Tel: HYDE Park 8400 or Travel Agents.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1959.



"THIS ELECTION HAS SHOWN THAT THE CLASS WAR IS OBSOLETE": MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., WHOSE POLICY HAS BEEN HANDSOMELY ENDORSED IN THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE GENERAL ELECTION VICTORY OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Camera study by Karsh of Ottawa.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOME weeks ago a popular newspaper invited its readers' views as to whether a husband who knew that his wife was dying was justified out of love and pity in keeping from her the news of her impending doom. The question, a most terrible one, is one which might at any time confront any man or woman bound by ties of love and mutual dependence to another. For if someone one loved was mortally stricken by disease without knowing it while oneself was made aware of the fact, that fearful dilemma would have to be resolved. If one's wife or husband or parent was dying, say of cancer, would one have an obligation to tell the dreadful truth or should one conceal it out of loving kindness? And though clearly no man has any right to be didactic in such a matter or to resolve the question for anyone but himself,

it seems to me that the answer must largely turn on whether the dear one condemned to death is or is not a believer in a future life or, to put it in another way, in a continuance of the individual self or spirit after death. If a man, for instance, is a convinced Christian, by which I mean one, not necessarily a regular attendant at divine service or one who holds the same views on the remarriage of divorced persons as, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury, but one who sincerely believes that this life is only the threshold to another and fuller life, then that man, or woman, is, it seems to me, entitled to be told by the person he or she most loves and trusts that the supreme test of existence is imminent. For the spirit that is so shortly to face the great adventure of what we call death,

whose nature itself may be governed by the degree to which the individual undergoing it has prepared for it, the knowledge that the time for that momentous passage has come is obviously all-important. At such a time a man who believes in a future life has got to resolve himself and his experiences, to set aside and furnish himself with whatever he deems most necessary for his journey, and even the knowledge that he must shortly undergo great pain and suffering, and soon, and without hope of reprieve, part with all he loves in this world, is a lesser consideration for him compared with that overwhelming fact. This, even more than a virtuous and well-ordered life, is the ultimate test of a man's religion: the lesson that Christ, mostly in vain, tried to impress on the self-righteous priests, scribes and Pharisees of his own day: that faith is the indispensable key of the door through which every soul has to pass in its translation from one life to another. The best of human lives is, in itself, a poor and incomplete thing shot through with imperfections, for it is not within our natures for it to be otherwise; "the best of all we have and are," wrote Wordsworth, who knew what he was talking about, "just God, forgive." But the belief that

life in this world is a stepping-stone to another, that our very failures and weaknesses can through our recognition of them help to chart our course in the inevitable voyage that lies before us, that through repentance, reconciliation and redemption, and, above all, faith, there is a ladder from earth to Heaven for even the worst of us, this for a Christian or any other believer in eternal life is the thing that, at the end of all, must matter above all others. To hide the knowledge of imminent death from anyone who possesses this faith cannot be, however much it may seem so, a kindness. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," and only a man himself, through his own faith, can destroy death for himself. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain," has been,

the agonising truth to oneself and leave the victim of that inescapable doom as many carefree hours as possible.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Yet in the last resort it also seems to me—though it is a subject on which it is impossible to be didactic—that those who love one another can help one another most by taking death into their mutual calculations. We have got to die, and, however much we may love another person, we have got to undergo the separation imposed by death. It would seem almost like a game of "make-believe" to build love—by far the greatest thing in the world—on any other foundation but a frank recognition of this fact. To love and know one is loved may matter to one even more

in death than it does in life. For a husband and wife or any two people who love one another not to be able, as sometimes happens, to share and enjoy together the common and petty experiences of life is a great deprivation and the cause of many a divorce and breach of love. But for them not to be able to share and comfort one another in that otherwise solitary approach which each must make to the grave seems to me an even greater deprivation. That is perhaps why marriage was a stronger and more enduring tie when religious faith was the common air that all men, even the worst of men, breathed. There is no reason to suppose that husbands and wives were, by and large, any more faithful to one another in, say, the 16th or 17th centuries than they are to-day; nor is there any reason to suppose that they

with one another any less. But anyone who studies the domestic letters of the period becomes aware of the extraordinary spiritual binding strength of the vast majority of marriages in that age. It was because husbands and wives—though they seldom married for what we call love—entered into partnership for better or for worse, and even more for worse than for better: not merely for mutual enjoyment, which may or may not have come their way any more than it may, or may not, come the way of those who marry to-day, but for the sharing in a common faith of the trials and tribulations of existence. In days when most couples married young and children came, almost inevitably, annually and, at a time of unchecked infant mortality, departed almost as quickly, death and sorrow were frequent visitants to every home and family in the land. They were borne the more bravely, it has always seemed to me from a reading of their letters, because however much their hopes of mutual happiness in this world might shipwreck, husband and wife were alike nourished in a faith that taught them to view death as the greatest experience of all and to study how to face it together.

THE NEW CHAPEL OF ELLESMORE COLLEGE WHICH WAS DEDICATED ON SEPTEMBER 29 BY THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD. ELLESMORE COLLEGE IS ONE OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE WOODARD FOUNDATION.



Ellesmore College celebrates the seventy-fifth anniversary of its opening this year. The new chapel, whose exterior is shown here, had its foundation-stone laid in 1926, but owing to the depression and the war, was not finished until this year. The original architect was Sir Aston Webb, but his designs were modified by his successor as architect of the chapel, Sir Charles Nicholson. Its most striking feature is the Lady Chapel, which is built on a higher level than the Sanctuary, above the two vestries at the end. Although large sums have already been given towards its cost, there is still a considerable debt outstanding to be dealt with.

through all its many changes and divergent forms, the one supreme and recurring message of the Christian Church ever since the greatest of all Christian philosophers and preachers enunciated it within a few years of Christ's death. But the question set at the beginning of this page cannot be answered simply by reference to this truth, for the problem is to be sure whether any particular man or woman has such faith and holds it with sufficient strength to be able to transcend the knowledge of certain and imminent pain and death. No one but one who has lived in the closest contact and closest love with another fellow-creature is able to judge of that—a question so hard to resolve that no man can answer it of himself with absolute assurance until the test actually confronts him.

When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head . . .

there is the end for everyone of us, and how can we know till it comes how we shall meet it? If we have any doubt whether a being near and dear to us possesses that faith, then it seems to me that it would be a needless cruelty to anticipate pain and death for him or her, and that in such an event the kindest and bravest course is to keep

FROM ANXIOUS SHAREHOLDERS TO A MARTYR'S CHRISTENING ROBE.



SHAREHOLDERS OF THE STATE BUILDING SOCIETY WAITING FOR NEWS: ANXIOUS INVESTORS, UNABLE TO GET INTO THE GENERAL MEETING AT CHURCH HOUSE ON OCTOBER 10.
So many shareholders of the State Building Society turned up for a special General Meeting at Church House on October 10 that a large crowd were left outside in the rain. The Society's assets were frozen due to the Jasper companies crisis.



MEMBERS OF THE "FORGOTTEN ARMY" OF BURMA AT HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON OCTOBER 11: THE MARCH-PAST OF HOLDERS OF THE BURMA STAR.
A parade of holders of the Burma Star in commemoration of fallen members of the "Forgotten Army" of Burma took place on October 11. Brigadier Sir John Smyth, V.C., M.P., took the salute and he laid a wreath on the Cenotaph.



THE LAST OF THE GREAT BATTLESHIPS OF BRITAIN: AN AERIAL VIEW OF H.M.S. VANGUARD, WHICH IS NOW DUE TO BE BROKEN UP.
H.M.S. *Vanguard*, 44,500 tons, the last of Britain's battleships, is due to be broken up, according to an Admiralty announcement. She was launched in 1944 and cost about £11,000,000; now she will probably fetch less than £500,000 when she is disposed of for the scrap-heap.



PASSENGERS OF A COACH TRIP THAT REACHED MOSCOW FROM LONDON IN 44 HOURS AND 57 MINUTES. THEY STAND IN FRONT OF THE FORD THAMES COACH.
The run from London to Moscow, a distance of 1713 miles, was covered in only 44 hours, 57 minutes. The object of the run was to explore the hopes of a London-to-Moscow cheap tourist service by coach. This service may begin in the summer of next year.



PRINCESS ANNE, WITH HER PET CORGI, LEAVING KING'S CROSS AFTER RETURNING FROM HER HOLIDAYS AT BALMORAL.
Princess Anne, seen with the Station Master, Mr. R. A. Slater, returned from Balmoral to start her winter term lessons at Buckingham Palace on October 11.



A ROYAL SET OF CLOTHES FOR AUCTION AT SOTHEBY'S:
THE CHRISTENING CLOTHES OF CHARLES I.
The christening tunic and cap of Charles I, the property of Dr. M. King Martyn—to whom the clothes have descended from Robert Carey, 1st Earl of Monmouth and great nephew of Anne Boleyn—was due to be auctioned at Sotheby's on October 16. The tunic is made up of eighteen pieces of clothing, which include a linen lace-embroidered shirt; two pairs of lace mittens; a lace collar; and a lace-trimmed cap.



HOME AFTER A LONG TOUR: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCE MICHAEL, AT LONDON AIRPORT.
On October 7 Princess Alexandra arrived at London Airport after her tour of Australia and the Far East. Since she left London two months ago, she has travelled 35,000 miles.

THE 1959 GENERAL ELECTION: SOME OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES—WINNERS AND LOSERS.



MR. D. G. LOGAN (LABOUR, SCOTLAND DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL): AGED EIGHTY-EIGHT, THE OLDEST M.P.



MRS. J. C. M. HART (LABOUR, LANARK): ONE OF THE THREE NEW WOMEN M.P.s, WHO HAD A 540 MAJORITY.



MISS M. B. H. ANDERSON (CONSERVATIVE, RENFREWSHIRE EAST): ANOTHER OF THE NEW WOMEN M.P.s.



MRS. M. H. THATCHER (CONSERVATIVE, FINCHLEY): THE THIRD NEW WOMAN IN PARLIAMENT. SHE IS A BARRISTER.



MR. P. CHANNON (CONSERVATIVE, SOUTH-END WEST): THE YOUNGEST M.P. HIS FATHER REPRESENTED SOUTHEND.



MR. F. L. J. JACKSON (CONSERVATIVE, DERBYSHIRE SOUTH-EAST): THE M.P. WITH THE SMALLEST MAJORITY—12.



TWO TELEVISION PERSONALITIES SUCCESSFUL IN THE ELECTION: MR. C. J. CHATAWAY, ON THE LEFT (CONSERVATIVE, LEWISHAM NORTH) AND MR. G. J. SMITH (CONSERVATIVE, HOLBORN AND ST. PANCRAS SOUTH). BOTH GAINED THEIR SEATS FROM LABOUR.



SIR T. O'BRIEN, FORMER LABOUR M.P. FOR NOTTINGHAM WEST, WHO LOST HIS SEAT AT THIS ELECTION TO MR. P. TAPSELL.



MR. J. J. THORPE (LIBERAL, DEVON NORTH): THE ONLY LIBERAL GAIN, COUNTER-BALANCED BY THE LOSS OF TORRINGTON.



SIR I. HOROBIN, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, MINISTRY OF POWER, IN THE LAST GOVERNMENT, WHO LOST IN OLDHAM E.



MR. I. MIKARDO, ABOUT TO BECOME CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY, WHO WAS DEFEATED AT READING BY THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE.



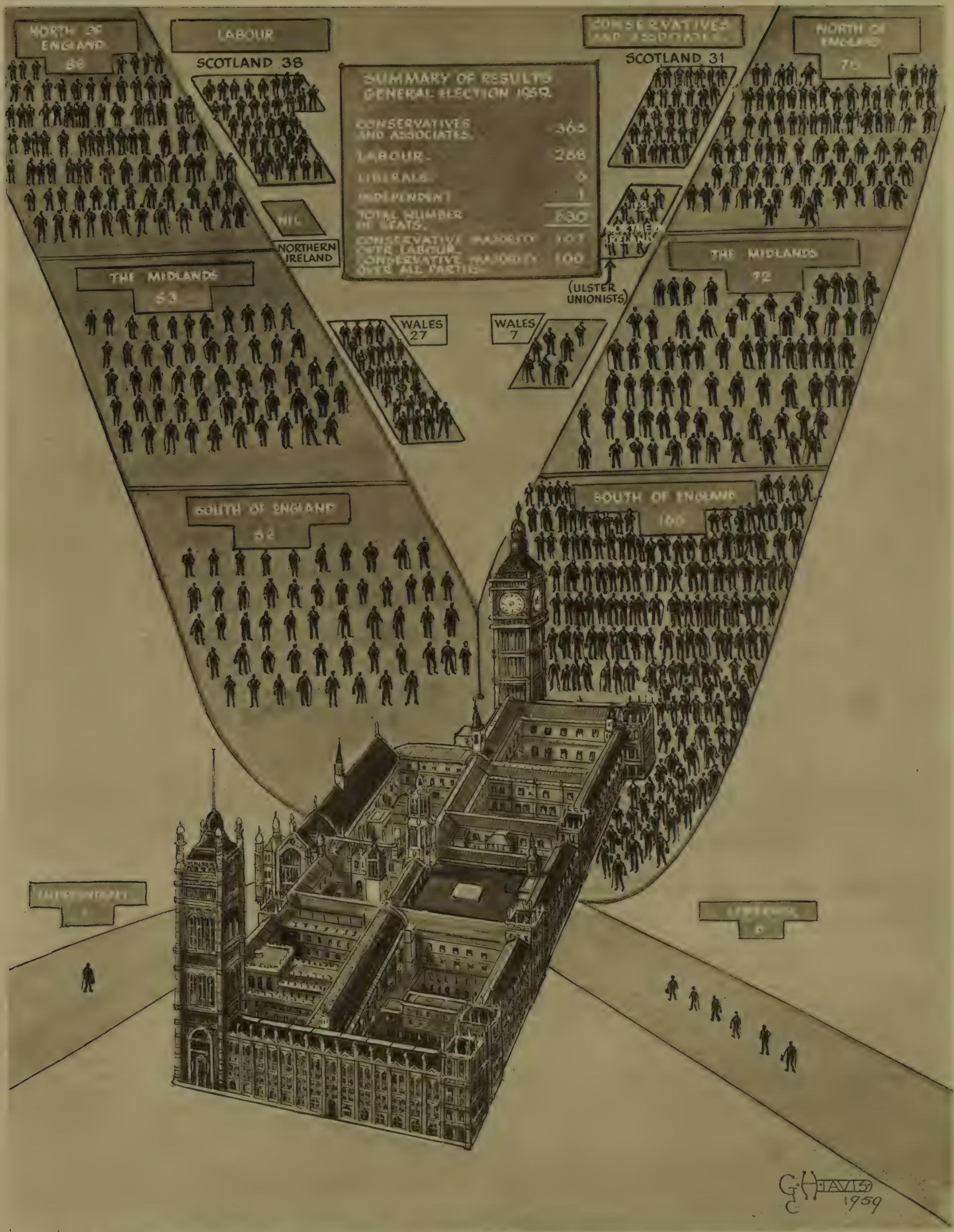
THE LABOUR LEADER, MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, WITH HIS WIFE IN THE PARTY COMMITTEE ROOMS AT LEEDS. MR. GAITSKELL, WHO HAS BEEN LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION SINCE 1955, WAS RETURNED AT LEEDS SOUTH WITH A REDUCED MAJORITY.



CMDR. J. S. KERANS (CONSERVATIVE, THE HARTLEPOOLS): OF AMETHYST FAME, HE WON THE SEAT FROM LABOUR BY 182 VOTES.

In the 1959 General Election all Members of the Cabinet were returned, and most of them had increased majorities. However, among the Junior Ministers Sir Ian Horobin, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Power, and Mr. Nixon Browne, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland, both lost their seats. One of the most serious losses sustained by the Labour Party was that of Sir Tom O'Brien, a former President of the Trades Union Congress; he had been Member for Nottingham West for fourteen years. Mr. Ian Mikardo, who is to succeed Mrs. Barbara Castle (who held her seat) as chairman of the Labour Party, was another serious loss. Among the television personalities who were

successful in the Election were Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith (Conservative), well-known for his appearances on B.B.C.'s "To-night," who won Holborn and St. Pancras South from Mrs. Lena Jeger (Labour); Mr. Woodrow Wyatt (Labour), who won Bosworth, Leicester; Mr. Christopher Chataway (Conservative), who recaptured Lewisham North; Mr. Charles Curran (Conservative), who won Uxbridge; and Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, who won Devon North for the Liberals with a majority of 362. Among the women, Miss Burton (Labour) was a sitting member to lose her seat. Miss Hornsby-Smith, Under-Secretary, Home Office, increased her majority at Chislehurst by 2809.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF PARTIES OVER THE COUNTRY IN THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The distribution of the two major political parties over the country at the General Election can be studied in this diagram. The chief source of support for the Conservatives is the South of England, with more than three times the number of Labour members. In the Midlands, the North, Scotland and Wales they are more evenly balanced. It can be seen that it is the South

that has provided the basis on which their large majority of 100 has been built up. The Conservatives return a total of 365 members to the new Parliament. The Labour Party now has 258 members; the Liberals still remain at 6 in spite of the considerable increase in votes cast for them; and there is one Independent member, who walks in proud isolation to Westminster.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.

THE attempted assassination of Major-General Kassem was not, in the circumstances, astonishing. He had been the leader of a bloody revolt, long meditated, which had overthrown the former régime in Iraq. Such revolutions have been familiar enough, but his was complicated by the fact that he had made fresh enemies since and had already had to deal with a serious rising. He had also become involved in a bitter international quarrel in circumstances which might produce a gunman from abroad in the unlikely event of there being any shortage of the type in his own country. As I write, troops are patrolling Baghdad and a curfew has been proclaimed in its area. Crowds have demonstrated in sympathy with the Prime Minister. At this stage it is impossible to say how seriously he was hurt. It was not promising that the first report spoke of a slight wound and a later one of three bullet wounds.

The man himself remains something of a mystery. Physically, he gives an impression of strength and courage as well as of devotion to his ideals. Politically, it is difficult to determine the degree to which his policy of balances is necessary or to what extent he has applied it with skill. His policy has appeared to be one of expedients, efforts to shape a middle course with occasional shifts to one flank or the other. This may have been inevitable, but it may also have created foes on both sides. It is also likely to have perplexed followers, as it has outside observers.

Early this year General Kassem seemed to be leaning in the direction of the Communists. One supposes that this was the cause of the revolt at Mosul in March, though he may have made the shift because he realised he was threatened by the Arab Nationalist party, which had affinities with Egypt and the United Arab Republic. He had already arrested Brigadier Aref, his stoutest lieutenant in the revolution, whose eyes were turned in that direction. When the rising in Mosul broke out, the Prime Minister relied heavily on the Communists. After it had been defeated he turned to the one indispensable factor, the Army, to keep them under control. By this time he was being subjected to heavy propagandist attack from the United Arab Republic.

He began by treating the leaders of the revolt with clemency, though they had been condemned to death by his own court and tongue-lashed with all the venomous brutality associated with revolutionary courts. It is even now widely believed that he hoped to save their lives. Yet in September a number of them, including one outstanding figure, were shot. At the same time some officials who had served Nuri es Said and had long had death sentences hanging over their heads were also executed. Why did their turn come at this moment? One suggestion has been that he thought the death penalty applied to men of Nuri's régime was needed as a balance to that of the revolutionary nationalists. If this were so, it looks a somewhat sordid bargain in bodies.

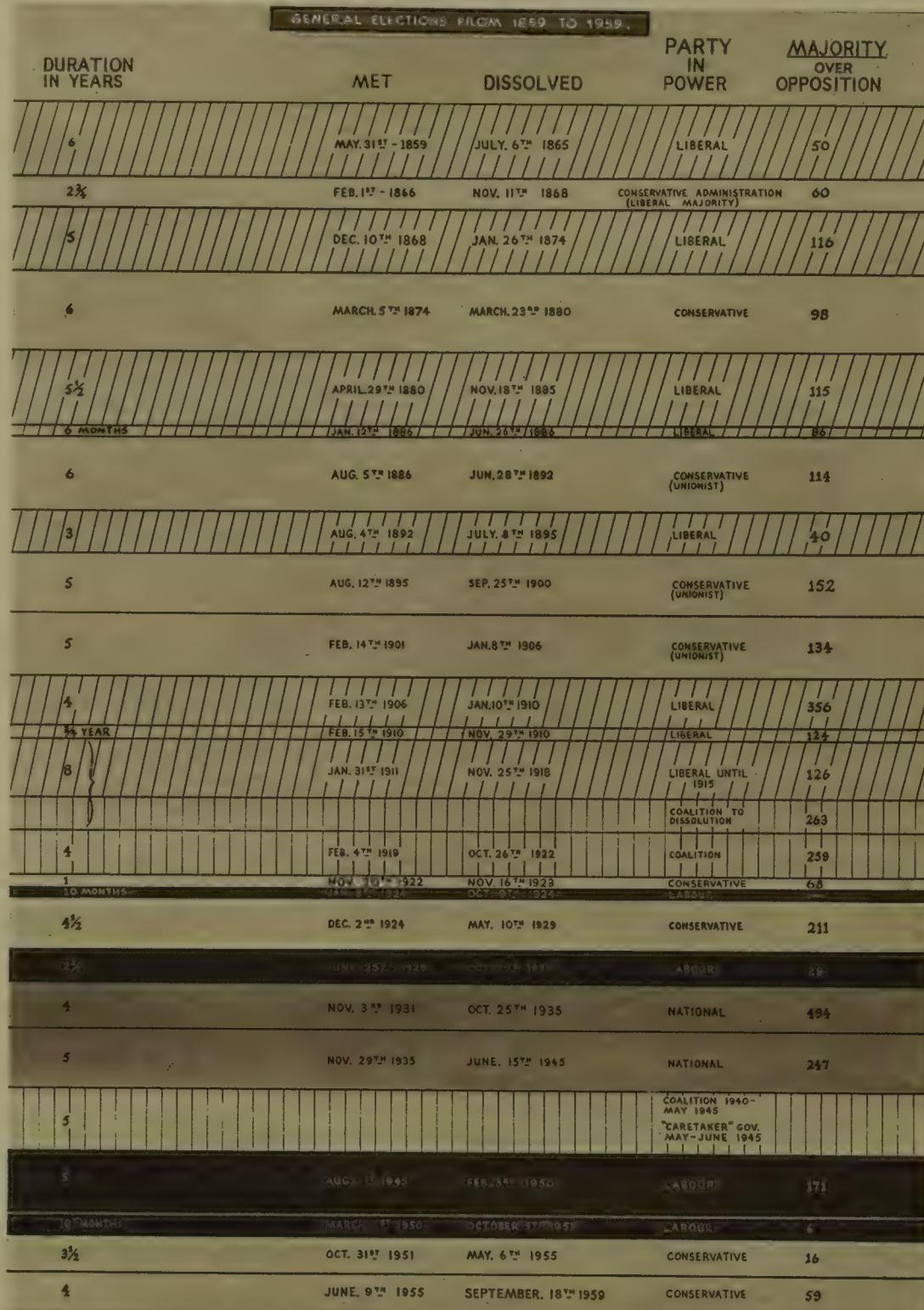
By a remarkable coincidence the Council of Ministers of the Central Treaty Organisation received the news of the attempted assassination of General Kassem after it had assembled in Washington. Rightly and obviously sincerely,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON GEN. KASSEM.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

representatives of the member States congratulated General Kassem on his escape from death. Central Treaty Organisation is the new name somewhat belatedly given to the former Baghdad Pact, of which Iraq was a member and which took its title from the capital. Though immediately after the revolution Iraq withdrew from the pact, its fate is obviously of great interest to the members. As



A CENTURY OF GENERAL ELECTIONS: A DIAGRAM OF THE FORTUNES OF POLITICAL PARTIES. THE GOVERNMENT'S INCREASE OF MAJORITY OVER THREE ELECTIONS IS UNPRECEDENTED.

The days of the last century when the sitting Government nearly always expected to be replaced by the Opposition at a General Election are obviously over. The Conservatives have not only been returned to power for the third time in succession, but also they have again increased their majority—a position that is unprecedented in this country.

was pointed out in speeches, there has been a distinct easing of tension between Soviet Russia and Persia, but this does not necessarily mean that danger is absent. Revolution from within can be engineered without involving the risk of war, and it is commonly by no means easy for partners in an alliance to assist a member in this sort of trouble.

For this and other reasons both Persia and Turkey were clearly disappointed that the United States Government showed no sign of changing its mind about becoming a member of the pact. Their representatives seem to have felt, however, that the last word had not been said and that the United States might eventually join. Its links with Cen.T.O. are already fairly close. One may well believe that the State Department, having declined full membership for so long, does

not consider the present, with a Summit conference with Russia in the offing, the best moment to revise policy.

The military strength of Iraq is not great and, as we have seen, Communism has a strong foothold in the country. Nevertheless, the loss to the alliance through its disaffection is serious. On the other hand, it has not gone over to the camp of the United Arab Republic and this would seem to be an advantage because that organisation is likely to remain in a more reasonable mood while its present strength and influence are not extended. A triumph such as establishing a strong link with Iraq might well cause it to fling its weight about.

Yet the setting up of a Communist Government in Iraq would be far more serious, and this is at the moment far from being altogether ruled out.

The risk was doubtless in the minds of the Council of Ministers meeting in Washington and discussed by them in private. It is one thing to have to face a defection in the "second tier" of an alliance and another to see that defection develop into downright hostility in a State wedged between members still faithful to and dependent on the existing alliance. Despite the fact that the wedging limits the power for ill of an Iraq turned Communist, such a change would increase the worries of Persia and Turkey. Regret was expressed at the meeting that there was no direct link between Cen.T.O. and N.A.T.O. on one flank or S.E.A.T.O. on the other, though membership overlapped. As with efforts to induce the United States to join Cen.T.O., the present is hardly the best moment.

Many commentators have belittled the Baghdad Pact in the past and all but written off its diminished successor. It is true that it is militarily weak and that the dangers which it has to face are greater than those of N.A.T.O., which is infinitely stronger. I do not consider that this is the whole story. Unity and friendship are in themselves valuable assets, and these factors at least have been increased rather than diminished by the defection of Iraq. Some doubts about it always existed, since those well acquainted with the country realised that the Government of General Nuri es Said was vulnerable in more than one respect. The links with the United States, even though they do not technically include her membership, are, nevertheless, a source of strength.

So far as can be seen, then, the continuation of General Kassem's Government is desirable from the point of view of Cen.T.O. He has certainly played a risky game of balances and may yet be the loser. Yet those who have the best means of assessing his character remain convinced that he means to do his utmost to avoid being driven out by Communism or turned into a Communist figure-head. He also gives the impression of possessing a fund of stoutness and determination at the back of his addiction to manœuvre. Not much more can be said at the moment. Even by the time these words see the light, however, indications of how far he and his Government are withstanding the shock of his attempted murder will probably be available. I hope to see that they are weathering it.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Above.) ISRAEL. UNCOVERING A HEBREW CITADEL BUILT BY THE KINGS OF JUDAH IN THE 8TH CENTURY B.C.: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

Ramath Rachel is believed to have been destroyed at the time of the sack of Jerusalem by Titus in A.D. 70. Archaeologists are now working at this site, and have uncovered the remains of the citadel. Modern Jerusalem is in the background.



LAOS. FACT-FINDING IN THE TROUBLED FAR EAST: MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS TEAM DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE COUNTRY.

The United Nations fact-finding sub-committee appointed to examine the situation in Northern Laos, where there has been serious Communist rebel activity, has recently been touring the area. In shirt-sleeves is shown Brig.-Gen. Ahrens, of the Argentine.



(Right.) JAPAN. EVACUATION FOR VICTIMS OF TYPHOON VERA: A GROUP OF CHILDREN RUNNING TOWARDS A U.S. MARINES' HELICOPTER.

United States military helicopters have been doing a wonderful job in aiding the thousands of Japanese rendered destitute by the appalling typhoon which struck central Japan on September 26 and 27, flooding the city of Nagoya and accounting for nearly 5000 lives.

(Below.) SAN MARINO. SENTENCED TO 15 YEARS "PUBLIC LABOUR" FOR THEIR PART IN THE "OCTOBER REVOLUTION." Two political leaders, Primo Marani (left) and Giordano Giacomin, have received long prison sentences in the tiny Republic of San Marino for attempts against the security of the State in October 1957. Unfortunately the country's one prison has only seven cells—all occupied.



FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY. RECEIVING HONORARY CITIZENSHIP FROM THE MAYOR: THE FAMOUS MISSIONARY SURGEON, DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, WHO IS NOW EIGHTY-FOUR.

A ceremony took place in Frankfurt on October 8 in the garden of Goethe's birthplace, when the celebrated surgeon missionary, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, was made an honorary citizen of the city. In the photograph he is shown receiving the document from the Mayor.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-II.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE U.S. NAVY'S DESTROYER FLEET: THE GUIDED MISSILE FRIGATE MAHAN AFTER LAUNCHING ON OCTOBER 7 AT SAN FRANCISCO. This vessel is one of the "Coontz" class of the destroyer leader or large frigate category, designed to destroy air targets and carrying both conventional armament and the *Terrier* surface-to-air guided missile. It is of 4770 tons and has a speed of 34 knots.



GULF OF MEXICO. THE U.S. EXPERIMENTAL WEATHER BUOY WHICH GAVE THE FIRST WARNING OF THE TROPICAL STORM *IRENE*, DEVELOPING ON OCTOBER 7. This experimental type of weather buoy transmits reports by radio every six hours from its anchorage 300 miles south of the mouth of the Mississippi. It was developed by the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics.



ITALY. THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MONUMENTAL CEMETERY WHICH IS TO HOUSE THE REMAINS OF THE GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THE BATTLES AROUND MONTE CASSINO. On the round top of a hill near the Abbey of Monte Cassino (which is not visible in this photograph) a cemetery is being built for the Germans who died in the savage fighting in this area during the Second World War. It is not yet stated when the cemetery will be complete.



HAIFA, ISRAEL. WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS CROWD THE PLATFORMS THREE-DEEP AS AN ALREADY FULL TRAIN IN HAIFA'S NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY DRAWS IN. Early on October 6, Haifa's new underground railway which links the town with the top of Mt. Carmel was opened to the public. It is stated to have cost £2,000,000; and has four stations. It has been built by a French company.



SPERLONGA, ITALY. A NEWLY-OPENED SECTION OF THE "HIGHWAY TO THE SUN," BETWEEN GAETA AND SPERLONGA. Sperlonga, on the promontory in the background, is known to our readers as the site of the famous Grotto of Tiberius, in which a positive mine of ancient statuary has been found.



OREGON, U.S.A. STRANGE PATTERNS OF WATER WHEN THE SPILLWAY OF THE DETROIT DAM ON THE NORTH SANTIAM RIVER WAS RECENTLY FLOODED FOR CLEANING. THE PATTERN IS CAUSED BY SMALL OVERFLOWS.

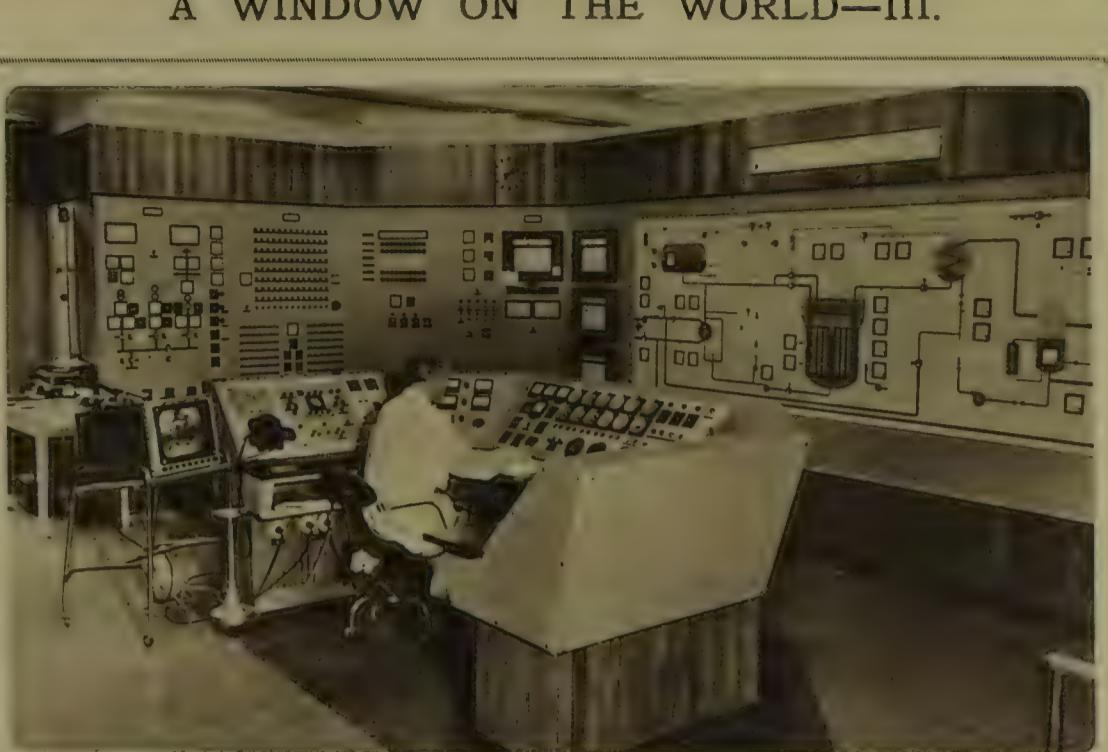


ICELAND. THE SOLE RELIC OF THE *HANS HEDTOFT* DISASTER: A LIFEBOUY FOUND ON AN ICELAND BEACH. In January the Danish vessel *Hans Hedtoft* sank off Greenland without trace and no sign has ever been seen of the ship until an Iceland farmer found this lifebuoy.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



TORONTO, CANADA. THE RECOVERY OF THE STOLEN OLD MASTERS: THE DIRECTOR OF THE GALLERY, MR. M. BALDWIN (LEFT), WITH DETECTIVES. On October 5 it was announced that the six Old Master paintings (valued at more than £226,415) which had been stolen from Toronto Art Gallery three weeks before, had been found on October 3 in a Parkdale garage.



NORWAY. THE CONTROL ROOM OF WHAT IS STATED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST BOILING HEAVY WATER REACTOR —AT HALDEN, NEAR OSLO, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED BY KING OLAV ON OCTOBER 10. IT WILL BE USED FOR A PROGRAMME OF RESEARCH AND EXPERIMENT, SPONSORED BY O.E.E.C.



PANAMA CITY. HUNGER-MARCHERS FROM COLON SWARMING INTO THE PANAMIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN A PROTEST DEMONSTRATION ON OCTOBER 5. THEY WERE DISPERSED WITH TEAR GAS. At least 300 demonstrators who had come nearly 60 miles, from Colon, to protest against unemployment in that city, burst into the National Assembly at Panama City and were only driven out by the National Guard's use of tear gas. Some arrests were made and shooting was heard.



EAST BERLIN. THE NEW EAST GERMAN FLAG HOISTED DURING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS IN MARX-ENGELS SQUARE. THIS FLAG LATER LED TO INCIDENTS. The S-Bahn, which is under East German administration but runs through West Berlin, was the scene of several incidents on October 6. The new East German flag had been flown in several stations and West German police who took it down were attacked by East German railway workers. The flags were later replaced.



(Left.)
VENICE, ITALY.
LYING NEAR THE DOGANA:
THE DESPATCH VESSEL
H.M.S. SURPRISE (1590
TONS), FLYING THE FLAG OF
ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER
BINGLEY, C.-IN-C. MEDITERRANEAN,
DURING HER RECENT VISIT TO VENICE.

(Right.)
TARQUINIA, ITALY.
THE KING OF SWEDEN
SHOWING AN ETRUSCAN
TOMB TO HIS GRAND-
DAUGHTER PRINCESS
MARGRETHE OF DENMARK.
ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS
THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
King Gustav Adolf is well
known as a keen and
active archaeologist, and
during a recent stay in
Etruria, where he has been
digging, visited the Tar-
quinia tombs. This is the
area, as our readers will
remember, where dis-
coveries have been accele-
rated by the use of "peri-
scope photography."



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Left.)
PARIS, FRANCE.
A FRENCH AIRCRAFT
FLOWN 52 M.P.H.
FASTER THAN THE
OFFICIAL WORLD
RECORD: A STRANGE-
LOOKING DELTA-
WINGED GRIFFON II,
CONSTRUCTED BY
NORD-AVIATION,
WHICH ACHIEVED A
RECORD 1456 M.P.H.
ON OCTOBER 6. IT
WAS FLOWN BY THE
FRENCH TEST-PILOT
ANDRE TURCAT. THE
OFFICIAL RECORD IS
HELD BY THE U.S.A.



(Right.)
WALLOPS
ISLAND,
VIRGINIA, DE-
SIGNATED TO CARRY THE
FIRST AMERICAN INTO
SPACE: THE UNITED

STATES BOOSTER ROCKET LITTLE JOE WITH ITS INCOMPLETE CAPSULE MODEL.
The United States booster rocket, *Little Joe*, was successfully launched in Virginia on October 4 and was deliberately destroyed at an altitude of forty miles. It carried an incomplete model of the capsule designed to carry the first American into space.



W. GERMANY. THE 1ST BN. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY AT ITS LAST OFFICIAL PARADE BEFORE JOINING WITH THE 1ST BN. THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY TO FORM THE SOMERSET AND CORNWALL LIGHT INFANTRY.



OKLAHOMA, U.S.A. A HERD OF COWS PRESERVED ON A BRIDGE FROM FLOODS FOR A MILE AROUND. THEIR OWNER PENNED THEM IN WITH VEHICLES.
On October 4 the owner of this herd of cows drove them on to a state highway bridge near Skiatook, Oklahoma, to preserve them from rising floodwaters. He then penned them in at both ends with a lorry and two cars. There they stayed to await the lowering of the water.

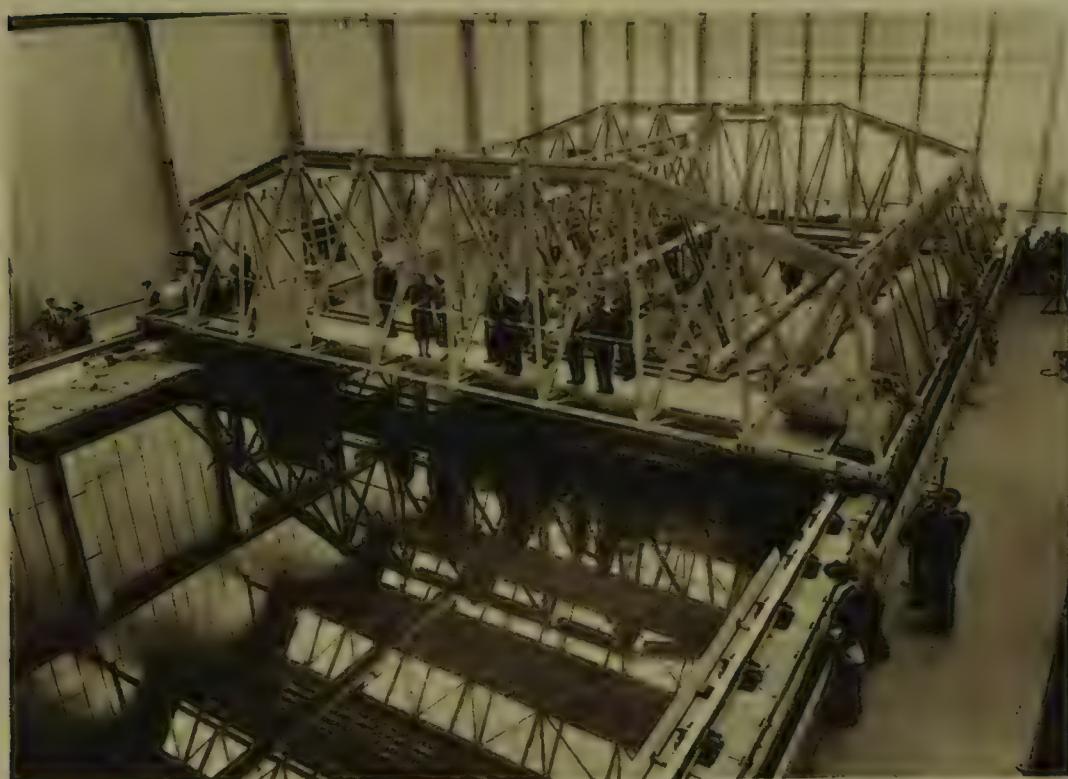


ONDREJOV, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. EQUIPPED WITH A SPECIAL AERIAL
FOR RECEIVING SIGNALS FROM THE SOVIET MOON ROCKET, LUNIK III, A LARGE
CZECH RADIO-TELESCOPE NEAR PRAGUE. IT WAS TRACKED BY THE OBSERVATORY
STAFF. IT WAS ALSO TRACKED BY THE JODRELL BANK RADIO-TELESCOPE.



LEFKA, CYPRUS. HOLDING A PLAQUE PRESENTED TO THE CYPRUS MINES CORPORATION BY SEVEN
BRITISH BATTALIONS, MR. BURGESS OF THE CORPORATION WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR HUGH FOOT.
A plaque, bearing the regimental badges of seven battalions which had served at Lefka, was presented on October 7 to the Cyprus Mines Corporation as a mark of gratitude by Major-General Darling, Director of Operations in Cyprus. A cheque for £200 from the army was also presented to the Mine Hospital at Pendaya.

SPOT-CHECKS FOR FAULTY VEHICLES AND HYDRODYNAMIC RESEARCH.



THE NEW SHIP HYDRODYNAMICS LABORATORY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH, DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON OCTOBER 19.

The new Ship Hydrodynamics Laboratory at Feltham, which is due to be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh on October 19, has been designed with up-to-date facilities. The main aim is to build up knowledge for the design of ships that can keep up high speeds in rough weather with the minimum of discomfort.



SEEN FROM THE CONTROL PLATFORM, THE 1300-FT.-LONG TOWING TANK AT THE NEW SHIP HYDRODYNAMICS LABORATORY FOR RESEARCH AT FELTHAM.



TO ENSURE THAT VEHICLES ARE IN A SAFE WORKING CONDITION: A "SPOT-CHECK" BEING CARRIED OUT ON THE MAIN LONDON-TO-SOUTHEND ROAD BY ENGINEERS OF THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT.

Spot checks are now being made by Ministry of Transport engineers throughout the country. They have the power to certify vehicles as being in an unsafe condition, and such vehicles may not be driven on the public roads.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR £4400 BY LORD DUCIE IN ORDER TO HELP PAY DEATH DUTIES BOTH IN AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND: A RARE ELIZABETH I SILVER-GILT OSTRICH EGG-CUP AND COVER, THE HIGHLIGHT AMONG 88 LOTS. IT BEARS A MAKER'S MARK OF A HEART OVER TWO CLUBS IN SALTIRE.



THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF THE FOUNDER OF KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES, DR. ALBERT PLESMAN, BY HIS GRANDSON (LEFT) IN THE HAGUE ON OCTOBER 7. This picture shows the scene in The Hague on October 7 when a statue of Dr. Albert Plesman, the founder of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, was unveiled by his grandson. Dr. Plesman, who died in 1953, did much work also for the purposes of international air co-operation.



TO MARK KLM'S FIRST COMMERCIAL FLIGHT ON MAY 17, 1920 : MR. H. "JERRY" SHAW, WHO WAS THE PILOT, SEEN WITH HIS SILVER MEDAL OF MERIT.



A GREAT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

"RONALD KNOX." By EVELYN WAUGH.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THERE have been two outstanding Oxford generations during the present century: one was that which was up during the decade immediately preceding the First World War, and the second was that of the late 'twenties. Ronnie Knox belonged to the first of these, and throughout his life Oxford was his secular preoccupation. He had distinguished himself at Eton, but there was never anything of "the old school tie" about him, and although he went up to Balliol "in a throng of friends who had known one another since the age of thirteen at Eton," it was to the university rather than to the school that he gave his allegiance. He was to live to be one of the outstanding survivors of that "missing generation" so many of whose members lie in their graves in Gallipoli and on the Somme. His world passed away in August 1914, and he spent the rest of his life in a triumphant endeavour to adapt himself to its successor.

What is often forgotten is that the crisis which precipitated the First World War was very different from the long-drawn-out tension which heralded the Second. A European war in which Great Britain would be involved seemed such a remote possibility that little attention was paid to the prospect, so that when hostilities actually broke out it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen. A small group, of which Leo Maxse was the most distinguished figure, had foreseen what was coming, but the vast mass of the population, especially in the provinces—and not excluding the universities—steadfastly refused to believe in the imminence of war. Interest in, and knowledge of, foreign affairs were confined to a few specialists, and if the ordinary citizen thought about them at all it was in a very detached manner. After all, there had been wars and crises in plenty during the past ten years without Britain becoming embroiled in them, and there seemed no special reason why the murder of an Archduke in an obscure Balkan town should prove an exception.

Ronnie Knox was, however, even more detached than most of his contemporaries:

Not even momentarily was Ronald touched by the zest for battle which inebriated the country in August 1914.

He was not a pacifist in the popular sense. He believed the War was just, and that it was his country's duty to achieve a victorious peace; that is to say, to right the wrong which had provoked the War. He had no sympathy with the politicians, who in the end succeeded in imposing their ambition to destroy the German and Austrian Empires....

He did not at once recognise—who did?—the monstrous physical catastrophe that impended, but while his countrymen were singing and waving flags, he stood back aghast at the gross dislocation in the moral order, which kept him on his knees, alone, six hours a day for the last three weeks of the month.

He was, indeed, always in the world, rather than of it. He never, for example, went to a cinema, and he saw a talking-film for the first time in a Rhodesian farm-house only three years before his death.

Of one thing there can be no doubt, and it is that Ronnie represented the finest flowering of that pre-war Oxford generation. He won the Ireland and the Craven, took a First in Greats, and was a Fellow and Chaplain of Trinity. From the beginning he attracted attention, though he never sought it. A son of one of the Lowest Bishops on the Bench, he became known throughout the country as the leading writer and, after he had taken Holy Orders, preacher of the extreme Anglo-Catholic party: Douglas Jerrold has described him as "the only man in our generation who has persisted in being whimsical without becoming intolerable." From this period of his life dates the legend, to which one is glad to note that Mr. Waugh gives full credence, that he was in the habit of coaching candidates for "Divvers" by designing a game on the model of Snakes and Ladders, played with dice on a board illustrating the missionary

journeys of St. Paul; the foot of a ladder stood at Beroea, where "the Jews were more noble than those of Thessalonica"; Ephesus, where there was a riot, was a snake's head leading back several throws.

Such was the man who in 1917 threw up his Fellowship and Chaplaincy to join the Church of Rome, and it is no exaggeration to say that he is her most outstanding English convert of recent times. It was no sudden change, for Ronnie himself dated his first doubts from St. Augustine's Day, May 26, 1916, but it was not until September of the following year that he was received by the Abbot of Farnborough. Whether Rome made the best use of him is a matter upon which his biographer has some doubts:

There were unique services which he might have done for the Church and was not allowed to do. His great influence on his contemporaries was largely, in the title of his second volume of Oxford conferences, a "hidden stream."

It illustrates the ethos of the Church in which he was working. In 1915-17 when he was canvassing the advice of his Anglican friends and relations about his change of obedience, they all warned him that whatever the historic grandeur of the Church of Rome, he would find himself in twentieth-century England associating with men who were notoriously deficient in taste and manners.

His greatest work for his new faith was done during the years when he was Chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford from 1926 to 1939, and when he made his translation of the Bible. It was when he was at the Old Palace that he wrote that masterpiece of satire, "Let Dons Delight," of which Belloc wrote: "I was quite bowled over by it." The book could not have been written by anyone who did not know his Oxford intimately, and at the same time was one of its loyal sons. Ronnie was intensely insular in a way in which the ordinary Protestant finds it difficult to associate with a priest of the Church



RONALD KNOX, AT THE TIME WHEN HE WAS PROBABLY THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE OF HIS DAY, WINNING THE IRELAND AND THE CRAVEN, TAKING A FIRST IN GREATS AND BECOMING A FELLOW OF TRINITY.



RONALD KNOX AT THE OLD PALACE, OXFORD, WHERE HE LIVED AS CHAPLAIN TO THE CATHOLIC UNDERGRADUATES. SIR CHARLES PETRIE'S REVIEW OF MR. EVELYN WAUGH'S BOOK ON THE LIFE OF RONALD KNOX APPEARS ON THIS PAGE.

These illustrations from the book, "Ronald Knox," are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall Ltd.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. EVELYN WAUGH.

Born in 1903, Mr. Evelyn Waugh is, without doubt, one of the most distinguished writers in this country. Since the publication of "Decline and Fall" in 1928, his name has been a household word, and his books have long won him a name as probably the outstanding humorous prose writer of the age. Among his most celebrated novels are: "Vile Bodies," "Put Out More Flags" and "Brideshead Revisited." He won the Hawthornden Prize in 1936 and the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize in 1952.

Anglican chaplains in the various colleges, and that the resulting controversy would do more harm than good. One of his great assets was that he



AN UNCHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH: RONALD KNOX AND (MGR.) VERNON JOHNSON ON CALDEY ISLAND IN ABOUT 1910, WHEN KNOX WAS IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES.

knew when to leave well alone, which is by no means always an academic characteristic.

The Knox Bible was published in November 1955, less than two years before he died. It is not only a tribute to his scholarship, but it enhanced the literary prestige of the Church which authorised him to produce it. Some idea of the book's success can be gathered from the fact that by the time of Ronnie's death the royalties earned for the Church amounted to £50,000.

He died of an inoperable growth in the liver, but even during the last months of his life there were flashes of the old Ronnie of pre-1914 days. He gave the Romanes Lecture with all the brilliance of his earlier years, and then went on to stay with Mr. Harold Macmillan at 10, Downing Street: there Sir Horace Evans came to examine him, confirmed that he had cancer, and said that he had not long to live. Almost immediately afterwards Sir Horace was raised to the peerage, and in writing to thank him his patient characteristically remarked that one of them had left the Prime Minister's residence with a patent of nobility in his pocket and the other with a death warrant. In a different vein he wrote to Mgr. Vernon Johnson: "I gather this kind of cancer doesn't mean suffering in any acute form—I expect I'm not worthy of it." When he was dying the Countess of Eldon asked whether he would like her to read to him from his own New Testament. He replied "No," and after a pause added, "just audibly, in the idiom of his youth, 'Awfully jolly of you to suggest it, though.'" So died a great Christian gentleman.

* "The Life of Ronald Knox." By Evelyn Waugh. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall; 30s.)

TELEVISION IN A LONDON BANK: A MODERN MEANS TO EFFICIENCY.



THE LEDGER ROOM OF A LONDON BANK THAT HAS INTRODUCED CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION FOR RELAYING STATEMENTS IN THE BUILDING. MONITORING SCREENS CAN BE SEEN ON THE WALL.



THE REQUEST FOR AN ACCOUNT BEING RECEIVED FROM THE MANAGER; THIS SYSTEM HAS ALREADY SAVED THE BANK HUNDREDS OF HOURS IN WORK TIME.



THE ACCOUNT PAGE BEING PLACED IN ONE OF THE VIEWING CONSOLES TO BE RELAYED TO THE MANAGER ON ANOTHER FLOOR.



THE MANAGER LOOKING AT AN ACCOUNT ON THE SCREEN DURING AN INTERVIEW. HIS CLIENT IS UNABLE TO SEE IT UNLESS INVITED INTO A VIEWING POSITION.

Banks are generally noted for their conservative tastes and policies, but the City branch of Barclays Bank has gone against this conception by installing a closed circuit television system. This television system has been put in so that executives on the ground floor can view accounts relayed down to them from the third floor. The demand for viewing accounts is, on the average, once every two minutes. Formerly a messenger had to climb fifty-three steps and

go around eleven corners in order to fetch the account. Now a telephone call is received by a clerk in the ledger room three floors up. She fetches the ledger required and places it in whichever of the three viewing consoles happens to be vacant. Then the picture is adjusted by viewing it through one of the monitors and it is "punched up" to the executive's screen on the ground floor. The screen is so arranged that only the executive can see it.



THE great national museums are so stuffed with treasures that there is a genuine difficulty in reaching the particular haven towards which you have set your course; you are in danger of being beguiled en route by the siren voices of innumerable masterpieces. So now, invited as we are, to enjoy a specially-arranged exhibition of Bow Porcelain in a section of the King Edward VII Gallery at the British Museum, some visitors who perhaps find this early factory too narrow a field may be tempted by noble MSS. or Chinese pottery or Greek and Roman bronzes and never arrive. If so, they will miss a neat, cheerful, scholarly and beautifully documented exhibition in honour of the man, Thomas Frye, who retired from the management of Bow just 200 years ago and who was the first Englishman to manufacture this marvellous material, even though his production was not the true hard paste of the Orient or of the Dresden factory.

The 150 exhibits are grouped around twenty-six documentary pieces, ten of which were already the property of the Museum. There are many loans from both public and private collections both here and abroad, and based upon all this what can reasonably be described as a model catalogue with over fifty illustrations. Apart from any aesthetic questions—and here opinions are bound to differ as to the quality of the contribution made by Bow to the infant ceramic industry of its day—there is a fascinating problem about dates which has yet to be cleared up. To put this as briefly as possible, the earliest date on a piece of English porcelain so far recorded is 1745, and the several pieces on which this date was impressed are considered to be Chelsea. There is no documentary evidence as to the exact year when Chelsea began operations; there is the most positive proof that Edward Heylin and Thomas Frye took out a patent in 1744 and that the latter in 1748 took out a further patent "to make, use, exercise and vend my new method of making a certain ware, which is not inferior to China, Japan or porcelain ware."

That presumably means that experiments began soon after 1744 and that the new ware was being produced commercially by 1748. But no piece of Bow porcelain has been recorded with an earlier date than 1750. What, then, if anything, exists which can be reasonably assigned to these years? That is one of the questions which the exhibition may do something to solve. The 1744 Patent, in referring to the material of the new invention, speaks of "an earth; the produce of the Chirokee nation in America, called by the natives unaker." Here the catalogue publishes the results of recent research into this apparently mysterious statement; the "earth" was kaolin, discovered by Andrew Duché, a potter, in Georgia, an event which General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony, duly reported to his Trustees in London. There is an entry in the Port of London records for 1743-44 as follows: "Earth unrated: 20 ton (?) value £5; imported into London from Carolina"; and there is an interesting reference recently discovered in a letter dated June 24, 1749, from a certain John Campbell about his lands in Egerton county, in which he says, "I send you in a small box a sample of clay. It resembles

what I saw at Bow"—which seems to confirm that Bow (and I dare say others, too) were using this American china clay.

Thomas Frye was a painter and engraver, but he evidently devoted his time wholly to the porcelain works from its experimental beginning until his retirement. His place was then taken by the clerk, John Bowcock (who died in 1765); what is left of his papers are in the Museum and are important source material, but the greater part have disappeared. Lady Charlotte Schreiber, that early Victorian ceramic enthusiast, owned them and partly published them in 1839, but in due course they were sold from her collection and are now lost. Will this exhibition put someone on their track?

A powder-blue bowl, inscribed on the base "John and Ann Bowcock 1759," is a well-known and important key piece in Bow history. This was the year of Frye's retirement owing to ill-health and of Bowcock's promotion; it is suggested that it was made for him to celebrate the event or to commemorate the tenth anniversary of his marriage. He had been a purser on board ship and the little scene painted on the interior

BOW PORCELAIN.

By FRANK DAVIS.



FIG. 1. AN INKPOT INSCRIBED IN UNDERGLAZE BLUE, "MADE AT NEW CANTON 1750," AND LENT BY THE COLCHESTER AND ESSEX MUSEUM. THE DATE IS THE EARLIEST FOUND ON BOW PORCELAIN. (2 1/4 ins. high.)

exhibits, together with the Craft bowl enamelled with gilding and festoons and sprays of flowers both inside and outside, with the floral monogram of Craft inside. With it is the original cardboard box, inside the lid of which is the old man's statement, in which, among much else, he explains the name of the building—"the model of the building was taken from that at Canton, in China," and that about 300 persons were employed there. As to the bowl, of which he was obviously very proud, he says it was made about 1760 and painted by him and continues: "It is painted in what we used to call the old Japan taste, a taste at that time much esteemed by the then Duke of Argyle; there is near 2 penny-weight of gold about; 15s; I had it in hand at different times about three months, about 2 weeks twice was bestowed on it, it could not have been manufactured, etc, for less than £4, there is not it's Similitude; I took it in a box to Kentish Town and had it burned there in Mr. Gyles's Kiln, cost me 3s." The odd thing is that the Museum has no record of when or how the bowl was acquired, other than that it was found in a cupboard in 1851.

There are two so-called lizard candlesticks, careful copies of the Chinese, which it is thought were painted by the outside decorator, William Duesbury, who was destined to buy up what remained of both Bow and Chelsea and transfer the moulds to Derby, and numerous figures, both early and late—one, for example, creamy-white and uncoloured—a model of a bagpiper (Fig. 2), copied either direct from a French print or indirectly from a Meissen original of the same subject. Another is of Kitty Clive, the actress, and one of the actor, Henry Woodward (both from well-known prints), all three early work; and by the year 1760, an accomplished figure of the Marquis of Granby in the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards (Fig. 3)—a figure which is possibly less familiar to non-specialists than the majority of the others may be. On the whole, and I suspect largely because I take the unpopular view that a great deal of 18th-century English porcelain shows no originality whatever, and is grossly overrated by comparison with its Chinese and Continental



FIG. 2. A FIGURE OF A BAGPIPER IN CREAMY-WHITE PORCELAIN, FROM THE FRANKS COLLECTION, BRITISH MUSEUM. IT MAY BE COPIED FROM THE DRESDEN (MEISSEN) FIGURE MODELLED BY J. J. KAENDLER. (9 1/2 ins. high.)



FIG. 3. A FIGURE OF THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY, GENERAL JOHN MANNERS, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE COLONEL OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS: ALSO FROM THE FRANKS COLLECTION. (14 1/2 ins. high.)

of the bowl may be meant to symbolise his exchange of one kind of life for another—certainly the central figure with three jovial sailors dancing round him appears to be carrying a large punch-bowl.

Another dated piece of importance is the inkpot (Fig. 1) inscribed in underglaze blue, "Made at New Canton 1750." The explanation of the name is given by Thomas Craft, one of the original painters whose signed account of these early days, written forty years later, is also one of the

models, I found the rare, slightly clumsy and faulty early pieces far more satisfying than the later: there seems to be an eager naïveté about them which the more sophisticated wares of ten or a dozen years later conspicuously lack. There is a particularly charming group of a fisher girl and gallant, and another of a Negress with a basket, the latter dated 1750, and both undecorated, from which it is not, I feel, fanciful to deduce something of the enthusiasm felt by the modellers as they groped their way towards greater control of their difficult medium.

DUTCH PAINTINGS IN LONDON.



"WINTER," BY AERT VAN DER NEER (1604-1677): A LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE WORK FROM THE ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE ALFRED BROD GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 27½ by 35½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A FARM," BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1666): AN EARLY LANDSCAPE, SIGNED AND DATED 1628. (Oil on panel: 11½ by 20½ ins.)



"WINTER IN THE VALLEY," BY JOOS DE MOMPETER (1564-1634): ALSO FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THIRTY-FOUR DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTINGS. (Oil on panel: 19½ by 25½ ins.)

ONE of the first of the autumn exhibitions of Old Master Paintings opened on October 15 at the Alfred Brod Gallery, 36, Sackville Street, W.1, and remains open until November 14. As by far the largest number of Old Masters available these days at less than a small fortune are of the Netherlands Schools, this exhibition, like many others, is devoted to Dutch and Flemish paintings of the 16th and 17th centuries. This annual autumn exhibition consists of thirty-four paintings: among the finest of them the large Van der Neer winter scene and the early Van Goyen, both illustrated on this page. Among the rest, one of the most fetching is a study by Sonje of the back view of an extremely splay-footed peasant, with a heavy matron seated nearby and a donkey day-dreaming between them. A painting by Cuyp of a cock and a hen is impressive, as in a different way is an unusual still-life by de Heem. The exhibition also contains works by de Hooch, Teniers, Van Ruysdael, Van Steenwyck and Molenaer.

MASTER DRAWINGS IN NEW YORK.

AN exhibition of eighty-eight drawings opened on October 14 at M. Knoedler and Co., 14, East 57th Street, New York, and remains open until November 7. Called Great Master Drawings of Seven Centuries, the exhibition covers nearly all the important European Schools. Of particular interest are six drawings selected by permission of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, which have never crossed the Atlantic before or been exhibited anywhere. The exhibition is divided into three historically-defined sections: the Renaissance, the Baroque period and the 19th and 20th centuries. In fact, it stretches over an expanse of time so wide that the earliest work is a 14th-century Tuscan drawing, while the most recent are by Klee, Matisse and Picasso.



"VILLA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PADAUA," BY CANALETTO (1697-1768): FROM THE EXHIBITION NOW IN NEW YORK. (Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"STUDY FOR 'REPOSE,'" BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788). THE EXHIBITION IS FOR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S SCHOLARSHIP FUND FOR ARTS AND ARCHAEOLOGY.



"PULCHINELLA WITH OSTRICHES," BY DOMENICO TIEPOLO (1727-1804): AN AMUSING DRAWING LENT BY THE DUDLEY PETER ALLEN MEMORIAL ART MUSEUM.



MIDNIGHT ELECTION FEVER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: EXCITED FACES UNDER THE TELEVISION ARC-LIGHTS GAZING INTENTLY AT THE EARLY RESULTS OF THE 1959 GENERAL ELECTION.

However much cynics may sneer at the sheer boredom of a General Election, few occasions can be more gripping than those hushed minutes when the first results creep in—results which may in a moment point a finger where the nation's future will come and seal the fate of many aspiring politicians. In all recent General Elections in Great Britain there has been fevered competition between constituencies to announce the first result, and when at 9 p.m. on October 8 polling booths closed throughout the country, squads of cars, taxis, lorries, double-decker buses and—in some areas—boats, began to converge on the centres where the

votes were to be counted. Once there they were "swallowed up" by eager and efficient teams of counters. Barely an hour after the booths had closed the first result was announced, from the Essex constituency of Billericay—always one of the most difficult to count. Conservatives held the seat with an increased majority of 616 in a contest which this time had included a Liberal candidate. This slight swing to the Conservatives was later maintained throughout the country as a whole, except in certain areas such as parts of Scotland and Lancashire, which had been particularly hit by problems of unemployment

and industrial unrest. So it was that in a very short time—even before 11 p.m.—it was possible to predict with reasonable confidence that the Conservatives would not only return to power, but with an increased majority. Later results fully justified such a prediction. At about one o'clock in the morning the Labour leader, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, conceded the election in his speech. All over the country people were sitting with their eyes fixed on their television screens, watching the B.B.C.'s excellent coverage of the whole election scene, which continued until the last "night" result came through shortly

before 4 a.m. In London thousands of people gathered in Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square to watch the results which appeared on large movie巨幕 boards and illuminated screens. Under the lofty gauze of the pale glow of television arc-lights many spectators were the community of voicing their pet talents, with enthusiastic murmurings of Churchill, extravagant claims for the merits of certain film stars, and innumerable harangues which lost nothing for their lack of sobriety. It was only shortly before dawn that the crowds finally dispersed, to wait for the second batch of results to come through later that morning.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE PROBLEM OF HALF-HARDINESS: PENTSTEMONS

By EDWARD HYAMS.

HALF-HARDY perennials are plants which may best be described as hardy in other people's gardens but tender in one's own. The beautiful crimson lobelias, *cardinalis* and *fulgens*, are supposed not to be hardy in the English winter. But having discovered that they come from a part of North America where frosts are three or four times as severe as anything we suffer here, I allowed my specimens to remain in the border and they have not shown any sign of distress. It must be remembered, however, that such plants rarely receive in this country that wonderful comfort, which they are accustomed to on their native heath: a thick and winter-long snow blanket. It can, however, readily be replaced by a litter of straw. Even so, there is one such perennial which I prefer to bring under cover during the winter, to be planted out again in the spring: pentstemon.

There are 150 species of pentstemons and I am by no means sure what I, or the average gardener, mean when I say "pentstemon." That is, I know the plant referred to but not what a botanist would say it is. As far as I can make out, the pentstemon which is most commonly grown, the red-flowered one, with reds varying from pink through flesh-colour to carmine and even scarlet, is the species *barbatus* or one of its varieties, formerly known as a *Chelone*. But I suppose that the garden pentstemons are, for the most part, hybrids. For, wishing to renew our stock of this plant, I sowed seeds in February, the seeds coming from a reliable source, and the variation of the flower colours in the resultant seedlings is very great, from pink through almost every shade of red, to a deep purple. These seedlings have done so well in the unprecedented drought that it looks as if pentstemons like our soil very much, and perhaps also a low rainfall. At all events, I am going to try my hand at some of the species listed by the best seedsmen: *caruleus*, for example, which has bright blue flowers; *digitalis*, whose flowers are white; *glaber roseus* and, perhaps, one of the named hybrid strains, of which there are several.

But to return to the original problem, that of preserving the plants during the winter, always supposing that the cold is certain to kill them, which is doubtful. The traditional way is to take cuttings from the best plants this month, which is, however, rather late—September would have been better—root them, and keep the young plants under glass, in a frame, for instance, or under a couple of cloches, until April, when they can be planted out in the border. Most species and hybrids provide you with cuttings by producing side-shoots which can be broken off at their junction with the main stem, dipped in a root-promoting powder, and planted in John Innes No. 2 compost, which seems to suit them. With luck, or better still, a piece of glass placed tilted over the plant to keep off cold rain, the old plants left outside will also survive, but this method of rooting cuttings late in the season not only keeps the garden well provided with young stock, but is an insurance against a really severe winter.

There is one other thing worth doing with pentstemon plants which are only one season old from seed—that is, which are not too large to be manageable and are in flower in September and October. That is to fix on a date in one's mind as the end of the pentstemon season, even if the flowers are still handsome, and lift the plants, soil and all, into 8-in. pots, and move them into the greenhouse. They can be planted out again in April. It is not practicable to do this with pentstemon plants more than one season old, as the clumps are apt to

be very large, but there is nothing to stop you putting a cloche over them. Watering of the potted plants during winter should, by the way, be extremely conservative; the soil should be no more than slightly damp.

I have strong views about the use of pentstemons in the garden. They are commonly bedded-out in masses, in which case they are, like the lobelias mentioned above, unable to show themselves to advantage. Pentstemons should be

borders which are dug and cultivated, a good deal of control can be exercised over the nature of the soil, and therefore over the kind of plants to be grown in it. I am engaged on such an operation: the removal of 10 cubic yards of soil from the place where the azalea and lily plantation is to go in what we rather pompously call the Wild Garden, and its replacement with a deliberately "made" soil. It is expensive and laborious, but it can be done. When, however,

we come to "natural" gardening, the naturalisation of plants in uncultivated soil, which will have to look after themselves, then it is quite useless to persist, in the face of failure, when a species fails. One is obliged to stick to such species as will not fail. This problem is present to my mind just now since we have bought a piece of land adjoining our garden and which is already planted with cherry trees. It will be left as it is; it will constitute our half-acre "Park." But to separate it from what were the other 16 acres of cherry orchard, and are now to be arable, we shall have to plant a long hedge. My choice for the hedge plant will be hawthorn, or quick-thorn: it is always handsome if well clipped, and unlike lonicera, it is hardy; unlike beech, does not insist on almost pure chalk. The inside of this hedge will be visible from the house and garden. So, all along the foot of it, we shall naturalise spring-flowering bulbs which, facing south and protected by the foot of the hedge, should do well. The question is, what bulbs?

This is a problem with which we are familiar. We had it when we first began to make the Wild Garden; and we had it in the shrubbery. We know now, alas, that we shall probably be wasting our money if we spend it on *Anemone apennina* and its congeners. We shall get a year or two of flowers, enough to give hope of establishment, and then, slow decline. We know, however, that any and every kind of narcissus, from jonquils to daffodils, will flourish and "thicken up." And we are going to try mixed crocus species, bought in bulk by weight. Not that we are confined to these: we can, for example, easily establish snakes-head lilies, the fritillaries, not perhaps right at the foot of the hedge, but out in the grass beneath the cherry trees. But in that case—and the same problem arises when naturalising daffodils—what do you do about the grass: if there are snakes-head lilies and daffodils growing in the grass, that grass can not be cut immediately the flowers begin to wither, for the bulbs will only prosper, increase and multiply if their leaves are left standing until they begin to turn brown at the tips. And during that time everything looks horribly tatty. Which is why, henceforth, naturalisation will, in this garden, be confined to the feet of hedges or about groups of shrubs.

Two subjects for naturalisation which are too rarely considered are *Tulipa kaufmanniana* and *T. sylvestris*. I hope, in the near future, to write something about species tulips in general, but these two are in place here, for both, as I have found by experience, will survive and increase under grass, although not in the thrusting, bossy way of daffodils. *T. kaufmanniana*, as its clumps increase, grows smaller, but it is none the worse for that and, planted in full sun, the species holds up its head stiffly and opens into a great buff, yellow and rust-red star. *T. sylvestris* is an English native, although now very rare and possibly extinct. It is a very graceful flower, with a drooping bright yellow, fragrant head, the yellow marked on the outside with red or sometimes green. Planted under grass, it survives and increases—so, by the way, do some of the big garden tulips—but the problem remains—how to keep the tulips growing but the grass short?



HYBRID PENTSTEMONS, WHICH, GROWN FROM SEED, SHOW A CONSIDERABLE VARIATION IN COLOUR. THEY DESERVE, IN MR. HYAMS' OPINION, BETTER TREATMENT THAN BEING BEDDED-OUT IN MASSES. THESE FLOWERS ARE OF THE "MONARCH" STRAIN. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

planted, with other distinguished perennials, in front of shrubs, so that the individual sprays can be seen clearly against a contrasting green background. Not necessarily a single plant by itself: two or three in a group. The colours can safely be mixed.

In formal and semi-formal gardening, the growing of shrubs, perennials and annuals in

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THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXXVII.
THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.



LEARNING IN THE MIDST OF THE CITY: A GROUP FROM THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL, ON THE STEPS OVERLOOKING THE EMBANKMENT AND THE RIVER AT BLACKFRIARS.

The City of London School, which was first opened in 1837, is derived from a much older foundation of 1442, when John Carpenter, the Town Clerk, and a friend of Dick Whittington, the great Lord Mayor, left by his will estates to the City of London for the finding and bringing up "of four poore men's children with meate, drinke, apparell, and learning at the schooles in the universities, etc., until they be preferred, and then others in their places for

ever." These four boys were the choristers of the Chapel of Guildhall until it was dissolved in 1536 by Henry VIII. However, up through the eighteenth century the money from Carpenter's bequest was used to educate at least three boys at a time. In about 1830 there were members of the City who considered that the Corporation should have a school of its own, "such a school as would redound to the honour and credit of the [Continued overleaf.]

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by John Pratt, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



[Continued.] City of London." It was suggested that the money from the Carpenter bequest should be used to help found the School, and due to the energies of Richard Taylor, a City printer, and Warren Stormes Hale, Chairman of the City Lands Committee, the Corporation was allowed by special Act of Parliament to open a school. The first building was erected in Honey Lane Market, north of Chepside, and the pupils arrived on February 2, 1837. Although it was only intended for 400 boys, after a while there were 700 crammed into its classrooms. These included Asa, the future Prime Minister and Leader of the Liberal Party, was educated, and Edwin Abbott, the School's greatest headmaster. By 1882 it had become too overcrowded and the School moved to its present site on the Victoria Embankment. The new building, which was designed by Sir Ernest George and opened by the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Since then there have been a number of additions to the buildings,

[Continued opposite.]



THE GREAT HALL PACKED WITH BOYS FOR A SINGING PRACTICE: THEY ARE CONDUCTED BY DR. J. R. WRAY, THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.



BY A BOARD COVERED IN THE WONDERS OF SENIOR SCIENCE MASTER, TAKES A CLASS IN GENERAL SCIENCE.



PLANT LIFE, MR. R. H. DYBALL, O.B.E., THE A SCENE IN THE GENERAL CHEMISTRY LABORATORY: MR. D. M. STEBBENS ADVISING A MEMBER OF HIS CLASS, HAPPILY ENGAGED ON STRANGE MIXTURES AND ALCHEMIES.



A VIEW FROM ABOVE THE PLAYGROUND TAKEN DURING THE LUNCH HOUR. THE GYM (LEFT) AND THE ETON FIVES COURT ARE IN THE BACKGROUND.

[Continued.] including in 1937, as part of the centenary celebrations, a biology laboratory and one of the finest swimming baths in London. In 1956 the new Junior School was opened. The School continues to be supported by the funds of the City and is independent of the State. It is now the only public school that still has a library and a publisher within the City boundaries; all the others have moved out. It was notable at its foundation for its policy of complete religious freedom at a time when most schools were dominated by the Established Church. Its high academic attainments were early achieved through two great headmasters, G. F. W. Mortimer (1840-65) and E. A. Abbott (1865-89) who established a strong classical tradition. It was also there in 1847 that the first chemistry lesson in an English school was given by Thomas Hall. Several noted scientists were educated there, among them Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, and Sir William Perkins, the discoverer of aniline dyes and the founder of [Continued overleaf].



THE PLAYGROUND TURNED TO PRACTICAL PURPOSE: A GEOGRAPHY CLASS FROM THE FIRST-YEAR SIXTH FORM, DOING SURVEYING.



HARD WORK FROM THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL: MR. A. C. BAKER, IN CHARGE OF A THIRD FORM MATHS SET.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by John Pratt, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



A SCENE IN THE GENERAL CHEMISTRY LABORATORY: MR. D. M. STEBBENS ADVISING A MEMBER OF HIS CLASS, HAPPILY ENGAGED ON STRANGE MIXTURES AND ALCHEMIES.



LOOKING TO THE ANTIQUE FOR INSPIRATION: A CLASS DRAWING FROM A CAST OF THE BORGHESE WARRIOR IN THE ART ROOM.

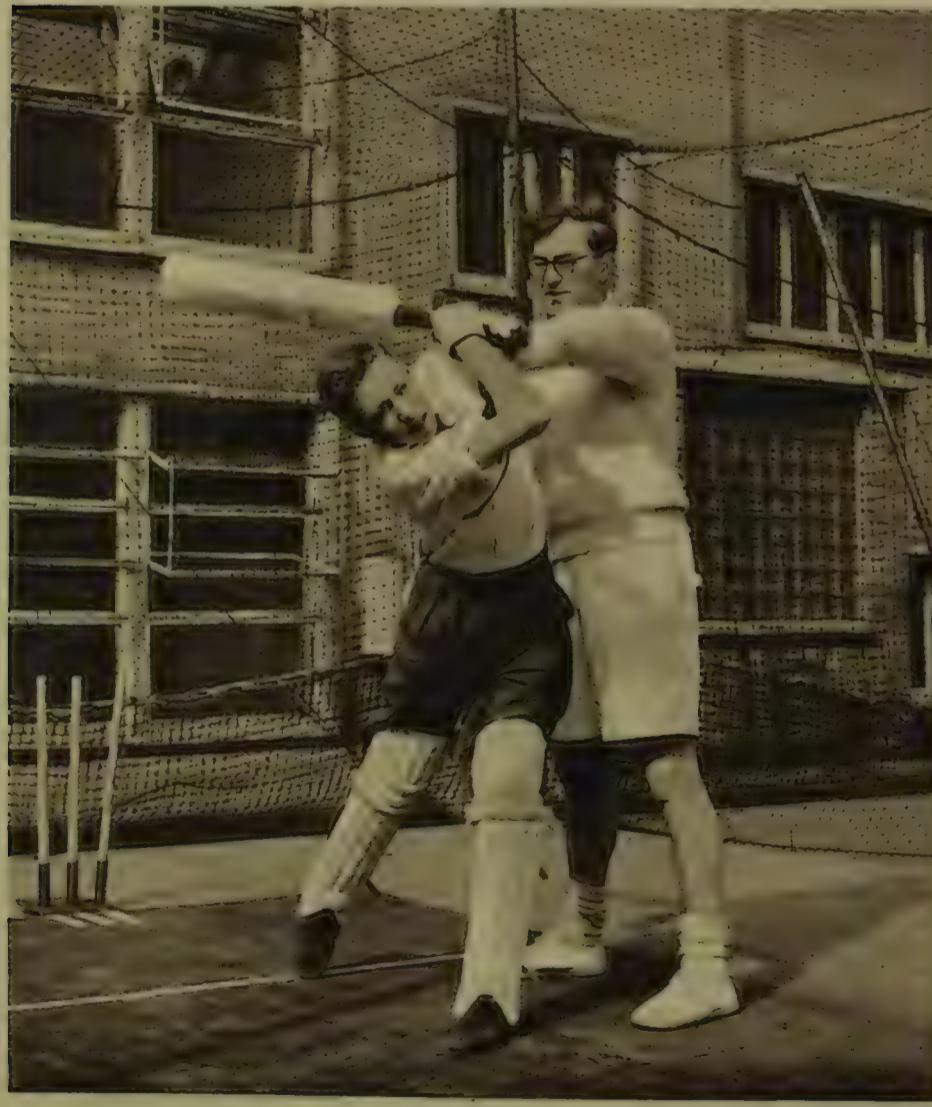
THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL: ASPECTS OF LIFE AND BIOLOGY.



EXERCISE AFTER STUDY: MEMBERS OF THE SCIENCE SIXTH SEEN DOING THEIR PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE GYMNASIUM.



EVERY VARIETY OF STROKE DEMONSTRATED IN THE WELL-LIT SWIMMING BATH. IT WAS BUILT AS PART OF THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN 1937.



TUITION IN THE NETS: MR. H. BREARLEY, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF CRICKET AND WHO PLAYED FOR YORKSHIRE AND MIDDLESEX, COACHING A BOY.



A MEMENTO MORI FOR THE BIOLOGY CLASS. FAMILIARITY HAS DOUBTLESS EASED THE HORRORS THAT THIS SKELETON MIGHT AROUSE.

Continued.] organic chemistry. There has been a rowing club since 1859 and the School possesses some very fine playing grounds at Grove Park. There are 850 boys aged from nine to nineteen. The School is particularly noted for its successes in swimming and there is a strong C.C.F. contingent. The School maintains its City traditions, both through its site and through a very active Board of Governors, six of whom are old Citizens. During the last war

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by John Pratt, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

the School moved to Marlborough, Wiltshire, for five years, where the boys were accommodated for meals and classes in Marlborough College. They returned to London in 1944. Since then, in 1956, the new Junior School, together with a Fencing Salle, Art Room and Woodwork Room, was opened on the site of No. 5, Tudor Street, destroyed during the war. New science rooms were added in 1958, thus maintaining the long tradition of science teaching.

FROM A NOVEL ARMY VEHICLE TO AN ANTARCTIC DEPARTURE.



A SMALL BUT VERY VERSATILE GENERAL-PURPOSE MILITARY VEHICLE—WHICH CAN BE CARRIED WHEN NECESSARY—UNDERGOING TESTS, WITH FOUR PARATROOPERS ON BOARD, AT ALDERSHOT: THE STURDY MECHANICAL MOKE COVERING ROUGH GROUND. IT MAY BE USED AS AN AIRBORNE VEHICLE.



THE LONGEST PIER IN THE WORLD ON FIRE: THE CONFLAGRATION AT THE ENTRANCE TO SOUTHEND PIER, WHERE 300 PEOPLE WERE TRAPPED.

On October 7 the famous pier at Southend caught fire and the pavilion at the shore end was destroyed, causing damage estimated at between £100,000 and £200,000. Although no one was seriously injured, 300 people were trapped and had to be ferried to land by boatmen.



LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR HER ANNUAL RELIEF VISIT TO THE REMOTE FALKLAND ISLANDS:
THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP SHACKLETON OUTWARD BOUND WITH STAFF AND SUPPLIES.
On October 5 the Royal research ship *Shackleton* left England for her annual visit to the Falkland Islands Dependencies in the Antarctic, taking stores and relief staff to the bases. On board is a hydrographer who will carry out research as part of the survey.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BANTAM'S PRIVATE DAWN-CHORUS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was 5.52 a.m. The sun would not rise until 6.49 a.m. So the bantam cockerel I was listening to was not so much heralding the dawn as anticipating it by nearly an hour. Lying in bed I amused myself with gathering a few statistics on this commonplace event. The cockerel crowed eleven times, at intervals varying from 9 to 12 seconds. Then he was silent for half-an-hour,

the energy to get out of bed and examine the sky. It was a leaden-grey vault illuminated by stars, but to the east there was just a faint diffusion of light above the horizon; and this it seemed was the cockerel's alarm-clock, which evidently goes off at different times.

A cockerel uses his voice for other purposes. He has a particular call to attract one of his hens to food he has discovered. He has an alarm call, and there are other calls. With these it is easy enough to see that each has a particular function, and so it is with nearly all the vocal sounds made by birds. Study has been made more especially in recent years of the notes uttered by the small song-birds, and from this we are given to understand that every note has a particular meaning. They form a language by which birds communicate with each other, giving warning of the approach of an enemy, signalling occupation of a territory, attracting a female in the breeding season, communicating with the young, and so on and so on. It is, therefore, natural to ask whether the crowing of the cock at dawn—and again at dusk—may have a utilitarian, or functional, value.

The barnyard cockerel is a domesticated animal living in an alien and artificial environment. Its wild ancestors are the red jungle fowl of Southern Asia. It is always possible, therefore, that a trick of behaviour shown by a domesticated animal and having no apparent function may, in the wild ancestor, be of enormous importance. We always assume that the "cock crowing on his dunghill" is issuing a challenge to his rivals or warning them to keep out of his territory. It may even be his way of telling the hens he is boss of the harem. There may be all manner of messages conveyed by it. That still does not indicate that the crowing at dawn and, to a lesser extent, at dusk, has a similar significance.



LETTING THE WORLD KNOW THAT NIGHT IS FALLING: A BANTAM COCKEREL CROWING AT DUSK. THE WELL-KNOWN COCK-CROW AT DAWN AND TO A LESSER EXTENT AT DUSK, SEEMS TO BE LINKED WITH THE INTENSITY OF LIGHT, "THE COCKEREL'S ALARM-CLOCK."

after which he crowed twelve times in succession, this time at more irregular intervals, varying from 6 to 27 seconds.

I fell asleep while waiting for the third bout of crowing, but there was something on my mind. While listening to the first series of crowing there had appeared in front of my mind's eye an orange, and this image persisted, hovering in the background of my thoughts, and it was there when I finally awoke. Then I suddenly remembered why.

Some years ago an eminent ornithologist had said to me: "Ornithology is a squeezed orange. Only the pips are left. We have catalogued the times birds wake and the times they go to roost. We have counted the number of times a day they feed, how many insects or grains of wheat they eat; in fact, we have probed their private lives so much that there is little more to learn about them." It seems, therefore, that I had come across one of the pips. The crowing of the cock has attracted attention for thousands of years. It has been celebrated in prose and verse and is one of the more familiar sounds over a large part of the continents of the world. Yet I do not recall that anyone has offered an explanation why the cock crows so persistently at dawn or what function the crowing serves.

Once I had realised its significance the image of the orange symbol vanished, but in its place came the desire to speculate on the meaning of this everyday event. More than that, I found myself waking morning after morning waiting for the first crowing, noting the time of day, the number of times the cockerel crowed and the intervals between each separate crowing, as well as the periods of time between one series and another. One thing soon became clear. The cockerel was not working to the clock. The time he started varied from one morning to another, the number in each series varied, as well as the intervals between each crow and the period between each series. Several times I summoned

also an evening-chorus to correspond to it, but this is of lesser volume and tends to pass unnoticed. It has, however, much the same relation, judged by its volume of sound, to the dawn-chorus that the evening crowing of the cockerel has to his dawn crowing. This coincidence is probably not without significance.

Dawn and dusk hold something of magic to us, and they seem to affect animals in the same way. Many things happen at dawn and dusk which are either less noticeable or wholly in abeyance at other times of the day. The best time for a naturalist to be out and about, at least in the Northern Hemisphere, is at dawn. There is much more to be seen then. The animals are more active then, and they seem less afraid, and for some this is the most playful period of the twenty-four hours. This is repeated, with less emphasis, as the sun sets, and those birds that sing until night has fallen, such as the thrush and the blackbird in their season and the robin throughout most of the year, will give some of their best performances after the sun has set. The laughing jackass, the kingfisher of Australia, is known as the clock-bird because it calls more especially at dawn and at dusk. The howler monkeys of South America seem to delight to sit in the tree-tops and howl, mainly at sunrise and sunset, and the reason why they do this nobody has yet discovered.

About a week after I had started my misguided habit of waking early to hear the cock crowing, there was an eclipse of the sun, on October 2. I was in London that day, so cannot speak of the effect of the eclipse on the wild life except at second-hand. It was, however, of interest to read the following day that the World Bird Research Station at Glanton, Northumberland, had gathered information on this, including details from the Canary Islands, where the eclipse was total. "At four of the seven observation posts domestic cocks were heard to crow immediately before and after the eclipse, as in a normal dusk and dawn.... The robins were not silent at all. The robins and some chiffchaffs were seen rushing about in obvious excitement as the eclipse began.... All the other birds thought it was an early night and went to roost."

It is becoming increasingly clear, from the results of modern researches, that the sun is important to many animals not merely as a source of energy and warmth, but as a means of naviga-



A BIRD WHO SINGS THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND THROUGHOUT THE YEAR: THE ROBIN REDBREAST, WHO IN THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN WAS THE LEAST Affected OF ALL BIRDS. DR. BURTON HERE EXAMINES THE PHENOMENON OF BIRDS' DAWN- AND DUSK- CHORUS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

Bird-song generally is more evident at dawn and at dusk; and in the breeding season, when all species are in full song and the ranks of our native birds are swollen by the influx of migrants, the dawn-chorus swells to such proportions as to constitute one of the more remarkable of natural phenomena. And this dawn-chorus is another of the ornithological pips for which nobody has an explanation and for which nobody, so far as I am aware, has advanced any theory. There is

tion, and in other ways less obvious. It does seem, in fact, that the sun is something more than a glowing orb which traverses the heavens warming the earth and making plants grow, and that there may be ways in which animals are affected by it that we have only just begun to suspect. In the case of the barnyard cockerel it may be that the intensity, or the quality, of the light may be the sole factor influencing the crowing at dawn and at dusk.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AN OUTSTANDING SCIENTIST : THE LATE SIR HENRY TIZARD.
Sir Henry Tizard, F.R.S., who died on October 9, aged seventy-four, was Rector of the Imperial College of Science from 1929 to 1942 and President of Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1942 to 1946. He played a great part in the defence of this country as additional member of the Air Council, from 1941-43.



A DISTINGUISHED DIPLOMAT : THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR SIDNEY CLIVE.
Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Clive, who died on his way to hospital after a fire at his home near Ross, Herefordshire, on Oct. 7, was Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps from 1934 to 1945. Since 1952 he had been an extra Equerry to Her Majesty the Queen.



A GREAT ART HISTORIAN : THE LATE MR. BERNARD BERENSON.
Mr. Bernard Berenson, who died in Florence on October 6, at the age of ninety-four, was generally considered the outstanding authority on Italian Renaissance painting, and his opinion on attributions was sought by scholars and dealers throughout the world. His best-known work was "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance."



A NOTABLE SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICIAN : THE LATE MR. OSWALD PIROW.
The Hon. Oswald Pirow, Q.C., who died at Pretoria on Oct. 11 at the age of sixty-eight, was leader for the prosecution in the South African mass treason trial. A member of General Hertzog's government before the war, he was leader of the "New Order" movement of National Socialism.



A POPULAR OPERATIC SINGER : THE LATE MR. MARIO LANZA.
Mario Lanza, the popular American tenor, who died in Rome on October 7 after a heart attack, had achieved very great success both in opera, and as a singer of "pop" songs, in his brief lifetime of thirty-eight years. In 1948 he made his operatic débüt in New Orleans in "Madame Butterfly."



SIR PATRICK RENISON, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE IN LONDON.
Sir Patrick Renison, whose appointment as Governor of Kenya was reported in a previous issue, will take over office from Sir Evelyn Baring at the end of October. Sir Patrick Renison has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana during the past four years.



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AND GENERAL GRIVAS ON RHODES ON OCTOBER 7, WHERE IT WAS STATED THAT ALL MISUNDERSTANDINGS HAD BEEN SETTLED.
The recent outspoken disagreements between Archbishop Makarios and General Grivas, the former Eoka leader, on the future of Cyprus reached a settlement at a three-day meeting between them on Rhodes that began on October 7. This result will probably leave the Archbishop free to continue his policies.



GROUP CAPTAIN PETER TOWNSEND AND HIS BELGIAN FIANCEE, MLE. MARIE-LUCE JAMAGNE.
The engagement of Group Captain Peter Townsend, aged forty-four, to Mlle. Marie-Luce Jamagne, who is twenty, was announced on October 9, and it is expected that they will marry in about three months' time. Mlle. Jamagne, a Roman Catholic, is daughter of a cigarette manufacturer.



TO BE GOVERNOR OF BRITISH GUIANA: SIR RALPH GREY.
Sir Ralph Grey, Deputy Governor-General in the Federation of Nigeria, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of British Guiana in succession to Sir Patrick Renison. Appointed to the colonial administrative service in Nigeria in 1937, he became Deputy Governor-General in 1957.



THE VICTIM OF ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.
The Prime Minister of Iraq, General Abdel Kassem, escaped assassination by an unknown gunman on October 7. He received three slight wounds and was recovered enough to make a broadcast to reassure the people of Iraq that evening. No details of his assailant have been released since the attempt.



TO BE BISHOP OF NORWICH: THE RIGHT REV. W. L. S. FLEMING.
The Right Rev. William Launcelot Scott Fleming, who is Bishop of Portsmouth, has been appointed Bishop of Norwich in the place of the Right Rev. P. M. Herbert, who resigned in July. A holder of the Polar Medal, the Bishop was Director of the Scott Polar Research Institute at Cambridge from 1947-49. He was ordained in 1933.



DIRECTOR OF THE W.R.A.F.: GROUP OFFICER A. STEPHENS.
Group Officer Anne Stephens, who was one of the first W.A.A.F. officers to land on the Continent after "D" day, has been appointed Director of the Women's Royal Air Force, and will take up her post in 1960. She will have the acting rank of Air Commandant and succeeds Dame Henrietta Barnett.



A DEFENCE APPOINTMENT: SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN.
Sir Solly Zuckerman, C.B., F.R.S., who has been appointed Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Defence and Chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee, has held many teaching posts in the field of medicine, and at present is Sands Cox Professor of Anatomy at the University of Birmingham.

NEW ARCHITECTURE; AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



THE NEW COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE (SHOWN IN A MODEL) AS IT WILL APPEAR FROM THE SOUTH, i.e., FROM KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.

This revolutionary building, to be sited at the southern end of Holland Park and fronting on Kensington High Street, has been designed by Messrs. Robert Matthew and Johnson-Marshall. The tent-like roof, sheathed in copper, is carried on four supports only.



THE GREAT HALL OF CRIPPS HALL, A NEW HALL OF RESIDENCE FOR NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED ON OCTOBER 15 BY MR. CYRIL CRIPPS, AS A GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Cyril Cripps and his son Humphrey, industrialists of Roade, Northants, have presented to Nottingham University a hall of residence for 200 undergraduates and six dons. It has been designed by Mr. Donald McMoran, A.R.A., and built by John Laing and Son, Ltd., in under two years. It is planned to make possible corporate living in beautiful surroundings in the manner of the older universities. The Great Hall provides a dining hall for 300 persons.

(Right.)
THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AT THE FESTIVAL HALL ON OCTOBER 10, CONDUCTED BY THE AMERICAN COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR-PIANIST, LEONARD BERNSTEIN.

At the end of its European tour the New York Philharmonic Orchestra played at the Festival Hall on October 10, under Mr. Bernstein's baton. The programme included Brahms and Mozart—the G Major Concerto, in which Mr. Bernstein was the solo pianist—and two American works, Samuel Barber's *Second Essay for Orchestra* and Charles Ives's *The Unanswered Question*. The Berlioz *Carneval Romain* overture was given as an encore.



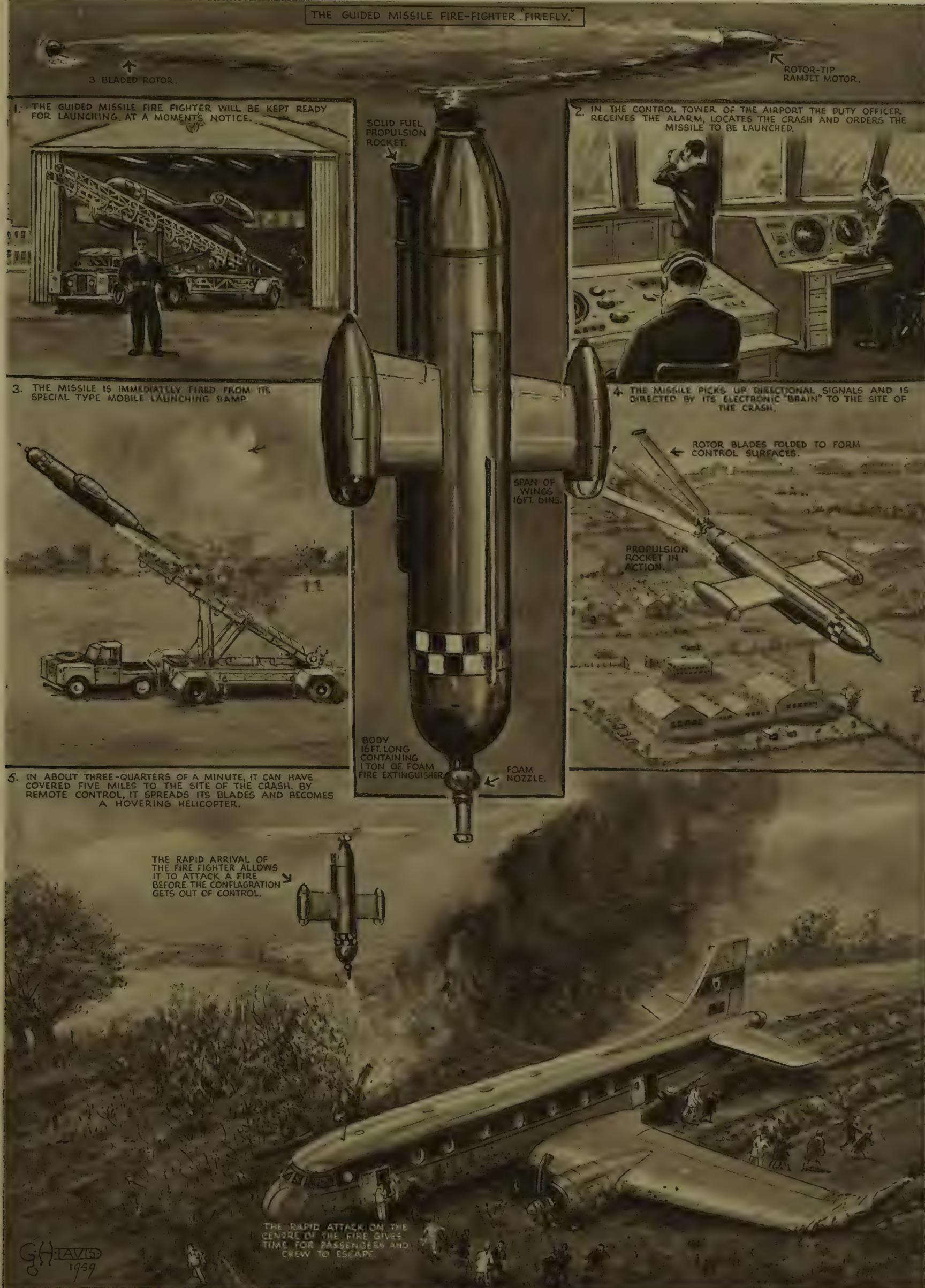
THE NEW METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE WHICH IS TO BE BUILT AT BRACKNELL, IN BERKSHIRE, AND OF WHICH THE FOUNDATION-STONE IS TO BE LAID ON OCTOBER 28—A MODEL. Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, the President of the Royal Society, is to lay the foundation-stone of this new Meteorological Office. Underneath this foundation-stone will be laid, appropriately for the building, a copy of the Weather Report and similar documents, in a metal cylinder.



PLYMOUTH'S NEW CIVIC CENTRE—SEEN AS THE BUILDING BEGINS TO RISE TO ITS FOURTEEN-STOREY HEIGHT. ON THE LEFT IS THE NEWLY-RECONSTRUCTED GUILDHALL. This photograph gives some idea of what the new centre of Plymouth will be like. Over against the newly rebuilt Guildhall (whose opening by Field Marshal Montgomery was reported in our issue of October 3) is rising a 200-ft.-high Civic Centre.



THE GUIDED MISSILE FIRE-FIGHTER "FIREFLY."



FIRE-FIGHTING BY GUIDED MISSILE: THE ELECTRONICALLY-CONTROLLED FIREFLY.

The Solar Aircraft Company has produced a new guided missile fire-fighter that is launched like a rocket and hovers like a helicopter. Known as the *Firefly*, it can be electronically guided anywhere within five miles in 40 seconds—a fraction of the time required by conventional fire-fighting equipment. It is fired and guided by pushbuttons to an air crash or other site of potential fire, where it turns into a helicopter and hovers over the area. Then the

remote operator can turn a switch releasing more than a ton of extinguishing liquid over the crashed aircraft before the flames can get out of control—in time to save possible victims. The *Firefly* looks like a small jet aircraft with helicopter blades in its tail and a fire nozzle in its nose. A solid propellant rocket under the fuselage shoots the missile into cruise altitude. When in flight, it operates as a fixed-wing aircraft.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A.v.A., with the co-operation of the Solar Aircraft Co. of America.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

STRAIGHT AND CROOKED

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY father, after a long career in the Merchant Navy, used to take exception to any book or play that under-valued his calling. But even he, I think (he could always appreciate the dramatic), might have joined the cheering at the end of "One More River," Beverley Cross's play at the Duke of York's. This is a new work by a new dramatist, and a dramatist who, to judge from the variation between printed text and play in performance, is perfectly agreeable to alter his work until it is theatrically and uncontestedly right. It is a way of doing things—printing first and altering afterwards—that would probably have startled authors of an older school, who believed in getting it right first time. Pinero, we remember, used to rehearse his plays from the printed copies.

Still, nobody is going to snort about methods of writing when the final text (let us hope "end product" is among the forgotten phrases of our time) is so splendidly exciting as "One More River." The straight, wire-rope narrative never sags: at once a tense drama told in genuinely theatrical terms, and a study in leadership or responsibility. At the première the cheering began when the last curtain was only half-way down: it was the response of an audience that, in effect, had signed on as members of the crew. We had all been on the after-deck of that freighter anchored in a West African river during the approach to a tropical midnight. Once again I wished that, as at a cinema, the action of the play could have gone on unbroken from beginning to end, though in the present acting text the breaks have been most cunningly calculated.

I had better not tell the complete story. Let me say simply this. The entire action is confined to a single watch, between eight bells and midnight. The freighter has a tough, grumbling crew and a brutal mate who, after the skipper's death, is in command. On this New Year's Eve tempers all round are high; the mate, in front of the crew, has abused the middle-aged bosun (who knows his own job thoroughly) and suggested that he will soon be on the beach. It is then that the bosun lets the crew raid a crate of gin in the cargo. Not long afterwards, when the temperature is as high as it can be, the deck-boy, terribly scalded in the face, runs screaming from the mate's cabin.

Flames shoot up in sudden mutiny. The mate must be tried at once: he finds himself on the after-deck surrounded by men without pity, and with a single thought in their minds. The bosun is determined to go by the rules, but it is a job he does not know, and the trial, such as it is, is a mockery. It does prove to us the true character of the mate, and show that, however harsh his conduct has been, the specific charge (of wanton brutality to the boy) can well have been false. His harshness derives, moreover, from the agonising complexities and errors of his earlier years. At this point the deck-boy dies, and the crew rush at the mate with the intention of hanging him without further trial: the scene is as fierce as any I recall since a passage in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's "The Visit" (or "Time and Again," as it was called in the provinces here), a play that did not reach London.

I propose to leave the details there, with the second act incomplete.

The night keeps its intensity to the last moment, a curtain infinitely better than that in the printed text. I hope that playgoers, if possible, will read the first version of the play after they have seen the new version in performance at the Duke of York's: the comparison is remarkable evidence of the value of skilled cutting and readjustment.

In its progress, apart from the excitement of the narrative—Mr. Cross, I feel, has something of Masefield's delight in the telling of a story—"One More River" studies the art of leadership, the troubles of responsibility, as expressed in the characters of the all-or-nothing mate, the bosun who can do his job but who cannot go beyond its limits, and a young apprentice on whom an ultimate responsibility must fall. I repeat, I will not jeopardise a playgoer's pleasure in the third act. Except for one jarring speech here (and it will be picked out easily) the play does not falter. No one can wish to be patronising or cynical about a first-class piece of storytelling, finely acted by an all-male cast of twelve, directed by Guy Hamilton. Where all must be applauded, I want in particular to praise Paul Rogers and Robert Shaw. Mr. Rogers could have been born as the middle-aged bosun who cannot move to a higher degree of responsibility; and I find a wistful joy in his Devon accent—surely the very tones of Cattewater and Sutton Pool. Robert Shaw, who is a Cornishman (though in this play he is unaccented), has a challenging force as the mate, a part he created in the original production by Sam Wanamaker at the New Shakespeare, Liverpool: a production in which presumably the printed text was used. I do urge anybody in quest of theatrical excitement to see this play. Fierce and uncompromising drama, it keeps one poised on the edge of the seat. And in admiration of its narrative, even my father might have forgiven this glance at one aspect of his much-loved calling.

Just now I mentioned Friedrich Dürrenmatt. The Swiss dramatist, previously unrepresented over here (except by the sinister business of "The Visit," yet to reach the West End), has now come to the Arts with a phantasmagoria entitled "The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi." A much lesser play than "The Visit," it might hold us more certainly if its skein were less tangled.

It begins well enough with a fantastic proposal of marriage made by the Public Prosecutor of "a not quite determinable country" to a woman of decidedly dubious morals. After this the play becomes utterly shapeless. One can gather only that an up-and-down, serio-comic invention is an endeavour to assemble the types—such as harlot, political opportunist, absolute moralist, defeated Quixote—familiar through the world's history. To make his points (and to express universality), Dürrenmatt appears to be reeling and writhing and fainting in coils. He offers some alert comedy; the sinister passages seldom freeze as they ought. One is left unsatisfied, grateful for the readiness of Douglas Wilmer and Patricia

Kneale, and less grateful for some of the other playing that fails to come to grips with a dramatist who said once: "The world, for me, stands as something monstrous, an enigma of calamity."

There are profitably arguable things (for Dürrenmatt is not a writer to be flicked off), but my pleasure, I fear, was endangered by the time the play took to loiter from A to Z. Dürrenmatt seemed to me to begin at M and then to prowl backward. I know very well (though it is not evidence) what my father, who was an expert navigator, would have said of the dramatist's sense of direction.



THE TRIAL SCENE FROM THE EXCITING "ONE MORE RIVER": CHINA (BRYAN PRINGLE), WITH POMPEY (PERCY HERBERT) ON HIS LEFT, LOOKING DOWN ON THE WHITE-UNIFORMED MATE, SEWELL (ROBERT SHAW).



"FIERCE AND UNCOMPROMISING DRAMA": CONDELL, THE BOSUN (PAUL ROGERS), WITH MEMBERS OF THE FREIGHTER'S CREW IN A SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF "ONE MORE RIVER," BEVERLEY CROSS'S POWERFUL NEW PLAY WHICH OPENED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S ON OCTOBER 6.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE LOVE DOCTOR" (Piccadilly).—Ian Carmichael and Joan Heal in a musical play by Robert Wright and George Forrest, founded on Molière's medical comedies. (October 12.)

"MAN ON TRIAL" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A play by Diego Fabbri, translated by Lucienne Hill. (October 12.)

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" (Old Vic).—Fay Compton as Lady Bracknell in Wilde's masterpiece. (October 13.)

"THE KENSINGTON SQUARES" (Westminster).—Clifford Mollison and Marian Spencer in Sonnie Hale's last play. (October 13.)

"ANDREA CHENIER" (Sadler's Wells).—First London performance of a new production of Giordano's opera. (October 13.)

"DON GIOVANNI" (Sadler's Wells).—John Donaldson's revival of the Mozart opera. (October 14.)

"THE EDWARDIANS" (Saville).—Athene Seyler and Ernest Thesiger in Ronald Gow's version of the novel by V. Sackville-West. (October 15.)

THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW: SOME LEADING RIDERS AND HORSES.



THE WINNER OF THE HARRINGAY SPURS AT THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW AT WEMBLEY: LADY SARAH FITZALAN HOWARD ON OORSKIE.



MISS ANN TOWNSEND, WHO WON THE MAIN EVENT OF THE SHOW, THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP, ON BANDIT IV. SHE IS SEEN HERE ON IRISH LACE.



MR. DAVID BROOME, ON WILDFIRE III, RECEIVING THE TROPHY FOR SECTION 2 OF THE LONSDALE MEMORIAL STAKES FROM THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



A BEAUTIFULLY CLEAR JUMP: MR. DAVID BROOME, ON BALLAN SILVER KNIGHT, COMPETING FOR THE COUNTRY LIFE AND RIDING CUP WHICH HE WON.



MR. HARVEY SMITH ON FARMER'S BOY. HE CAME EQUAL FIRST WITH MR. F. WELCH FOR THE FIRST SECTION OF THE HORSE AND HOUND CUP.



THE CHESHIRE TEAM, WINNERS OF THE SUNDAY TIMES CUP: (L. TO R.) MR. W. H. WHITE, MISS CAROL MILLER AND MR. T. M. CHARLESWORTH.



SECOND IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. TOMMY WADE FROM IRELAND CLEARING A JUMP ON DUNDRUM.

The Horse of the Year Show, held at Wembley, closed on October 10, leaving top honours to the reigning European woman champion, Miss Ann Townsend. Riding *Bandit IV* she became the Victor Ludorum. Four horses qualified for the finish of the closing competition, the *Sunday Graphic* International Championship, by emerging unscathed from the two previous rounds: *Dundrum*, ridden by Mr. T. Wade, *Oorskiet*, ridden by Lady Sarah Fitzalan Howard, *Red Admiral*, ridden by Mr. Alan Oliver, and *Bandit IV*. When the last horse, *Red Admiral*, began, all the first three horses had hit the last fence. But *Red Admiral* ran into more severe difficulties, leaving *Bandit IV*

a slender victor over *Dundrum* and *Oorskiet*. Earlier in the meeting Captain Piero d'Inzeo, riding *The Rock*, for Italy, had won the opening honours by gaining the Beaufort Stakes ahead of Lady Sarah Fitzalan Howard on *Oorskiet*. The *Daily Express* Foxhunter Championship was won clearly by Captain P. T. Holland, of the King's Troop, R.H.A., on *Savernake*. In the Lonsdale Memorial (Hit and Hurry) Stakes, Section I, Lady Fitzalan Howard gained leading honours, again on *Oorskiet*. Another outstanding competitor on the final day was Mr. David Broome, who won two major events: the *Country Life* Cup, on *Ballan Silver Knight*; and the *Horse and Hound* Cup, on *Wildfire III*.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA

THESE OUTSPOKEN TIMES.

By ALAN DENT

WHEN Dr. Johnson said of a certain wanton divorcée whom Boswell endeavoured to defend : " My dear Sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice—the woman's a *whore*, and there's an end on 't," I have always cordially agreed with that great and wise brow-beater. Worthless persons are really not worth our complete attention. Crooks with nothing at all but their crookedness to recommend them do not engage my interest on the screen, at the theatre, or in a novel. The same goes for devious female harpies and trulls. But let the crook show a kindness to a cat, or let the slut be generous to her dad, and I immediately find him or her much less forbidding and much more interesting altogether. A saving grace is needed to make a bad character worth our consideration.

The young woman who is supposed to engage our passionate concern in " Anatomy of a Murder " does not, for me, have any saving grace to make her really interesting. (She is played by an alluring newcomer called Lee Remick with enough feline fascination to make her extremely interesting to all but the cold-blooded critic. But that is not the point.) She declares that the man whom her husband is on trial for shooting had violated her just beforehand. It was the knowledge of this rape that made young Lieutenant Manion—always a very jealous husband—impulsively slay the barkeeper who committed the offence. But do we readily believe the story of violation from a young woman whose every action and movement is riggish—to use the word which Enobarbus found for Cleopatra ?

This Mrs. Manion is admittedly what they call a dish, but a dish so frail and fragile that she practically " makes a pass " at her husband's defending counsel at their very first interview. (The actor James Stewart coping with this reprehensible torridity with a kind of shy alarm is to be seen to be relished.) This lawyer, Paul Biegler by name, even has to instil into the lustrous little noodle's head the notion that it might be advisable, when the case comes into court, to wear clothes which should be much less provocatively kittenish

knows how, although the notion of her being actually unfaithful sends him into a state of homicidal impulse or what the film's psychiatrist calls " dissociated reaction." Personally, I do not succumb very readily to the dramatic aspects of a criminal trial, being by nature too impatient with all the formality and the flim-flam of the law. (Another reason for this, of course, may be that saving graces in those on trial are as often as not

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



JAMES STEWART, WHO PLAYS THE LAWYER IN "ANATOMY OF A MURDER."

Alan Dent writes: " When well suited—as he certainly is in ' Anatomy of a Murder '—few actors can compare with James Stewart in the presentation of a man who is slow-thinking but shrewd. He is this time a provincial lawyer who has to defend a U.S. Lieutenant on a charge of murder. He brings to his work the same kind of plodding patience that he brings to his favourite pastime, which is angling. The film lasts two hours and forty minutes. But no one can possibly consider that it comes anywhere near to tediousness when Mr. Stewart is on the screen." " Anatomy of a Murder," very skilfully directed by Otto Preminger, began its London career at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday, October 1.

must surely call it unconventional, even for America, when one counsel interrupts another with the remark : " If you go on like that, I'll punch you all the way from here into the middle of Lake Superior." But there are too many surprises—including two surprise witnesses—for me safely to say anything more about " Anatomy of a Murder," without giving away too much.

In the matter of outspokenness it is equalled and even surpassed by the latest French film, " Les Cousins," which is a half-amusing and half-shocking *exposé* of the Françoise Sagan world of Paris and its young folk. A rich-seeming young man invites a poor-seeming country cousin to stay with him—a much nicer young man who falls in love with a world-weary guest at one of his cousin's fast parties. The language of these young people would shame Billingsgate fish-porters at the height of their morning's work, just as their behaviour would be considered outrageous in a dance-hall at Stratford-atte-Bowe. But the English version on the screen is gentility itself. The film, though it really does not amount to much even in the way of decadence, has quite a deal of wit and is directed with acute brilliance by Claude Chabrol. It was ingenious to let these young folk at their party—they are law-students, by the way—tolerate Mozart's G minor Symphony with yawns and preoccupations, and then come to life with response when the record is changed to one of Isolde's " Liebestod." It was ingenious, too, of the management of the Curzon Theatre to couple " Les Cousins " with " We Are the Lambeth Boys"—an extremely good documentary of Cockney boyhood and girlhood in well-behaved and clean-mouthed youth clubs in Lambeth and Kennington. But surely exceptionally well-behaved and clean-mouthed ?

Anxiety to divulge as little as possible of the plot of " Anatomy of a Murder " has prevented me saying enough about its acting. Almost its best performance comes from Joseph Welch as the glowingly human old judge, and the fact that Mr. Scott is a Boston lawyer and no actor at all need not lessen our admiration of his performance—it rather should increase it. Ben Gazzara as the



A TENSE MOMENT DURING THE TRIAL IN "ANATOMY OF A MURDER," IN WHICH (FRONT, LEFT TO RIGHT) THE PROSECUTORS, MITCH LODWICK (BROOKS WEST) AND CLAUDE DANCER (GEORGE C. SCOTT) FACE THE JUDGE, WHILE LAURA MANION (LEE REMICK), PAUL BIEGLER (JAMES STEWART) AND LIEUTENANT MANION (BEN GAZZARA) LOOK ON.

and seductive. A character worth our interest would not have to be told this.

Into the court the case comes duly—a court in the State of Michigan—and we are treated to what must certainly be the longest, though most certainly not the dullest, trial scene ever to be screened. Was the lady unwilling enough for the offence to be described as rape? Does a rape justify a murder? These and a dozen other questions are asked and argued and answered—perhaps the most interesting enquiry of all being into the mind of the jealous young man who insists upon his wife dressing as seductively as she

conspicuous by their absence.) But this one in this film is kept particularly lively by the unconventional clashes between the defending attorney and the prosecuting one (Arthur O'Connell). For one



IN THIS MORE LIGHTHEARTED SCENE FROM "ANATOMY OF A MURDER," THE MILDLY ALCOHOLIC PARNELL McCARTHY (ARTHUR O'CONNELL, CENTRE) AND PAUL BIEGLER (JAMES STEWART, RIGHT) DISCUSS THE VARIED CONTENTS OF A DUSTBIN WITH THE SHERIFF (RUSS BROWN). THE FILM CONTAINS THE LONGEST TRIAL SCENE EVER SCREENED.

accused man is also well worth watching, as always. His eyes are, like the character of the man himself, inscrutable. I first set eyes on Mr. Gazzara in a New York theatre six years ago when he played a perfectly revolting young bully in a military college piece called " End as a Man," the character being called Jocko de Paris. My dear friend John Mason Brown, who had always called me Jocko in his letters, has ever since then called me " Jocko de New York." Let me seize this unique occasion to pass on this tremendously trivial anecdote to any reader who may be friendly or forbearing enough to be interested and to smile.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

" THE SIEGE OF PINCHGUT " (A.-B. Pathé; Generally Released: October 12).—A war film, ferocious to the very verge of absurdity, but redeemed by the presence of Aldo Ray and Heather Sears.

" MON ONCLE " (Hillcrest; Generally Released: October 12).—An exquisite French farce for connoisseurs and for the admirers of that grave clown, Jacques Tati.

" THE NIGHT WE DROPPED A CLANGER " (Rank; Generally Released: October 12).—A gross British farce with that far from grave clown, Brian Rix.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 10: A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.



AN UNEASY SITUATION: A BLOCK OF FLATS IN ROME THAT IS SPLITTING IN TWO.

This block of flats, whose two halves would appear to be lacking in concord, is causing anxiety in Rome. The split down its centre, which is almost 4 ft. wide at the top, may lead to the complete collapse of the block. The building was only constructed recently. Of the 180 families who went there, 96 have wisely moved away again while the remaining inhabitants are in a state of

understandable anxiety. The background to this happening, is however, rather serious. On September 16 a block of twenty-four flats collapsed in Barletta, a fishing port on the Adriatic coast, and in the disaster fifty-eight people were killed. Consequently, there has been a campaign in Italy for tighter construction rules and the control of materials in reinforced concrete buildings.

I AM glad to be able to number myself among the devotees of the County of Essex. As a group, we are neither noisy nor excessively large, but our devotion is none the less fervent for that. We react with some violence against the ignorant boors who maintain that Essex is flat, damp and unlovely, or that its inhabitants lack the well-marked individuality of the Yorkshireman or the man of Devon. Ten to one, such misinformed gossips have never ventured farther east, west, or north into England than Ludgate Circus, Hammersmith or Hampstead, and they will describe a day-trip to Boulogne as "going abroad." I myself grew to know and love Essex at much the same time, and in much the same conditions, as Margery Allingham, who was well established in the village which she chooses to call Auburn by the beginning of the last war. It has been an excellent idea to republish her book, entitled *THE OAKEN HEART*, on how the villagers of Auburn reacted to the events of 1939 and 1940. This is one of the few books which does not turn me restless with boredom as the thirty-times-told tale unwinds its familiar length all over again. Regrettable as it may be, even heroism and patriotism may become stale by too frequent repetition, even the trumpets of Roncesvalles may come to sound weary and flat.

But "The Oaken Heart" is as fresh as any daisy—evacuees, bomb stories and all. Miss Allingham is quick to capture a mood, and moods were prevalent in those strange months of the last war. A friend of hers who kept horses was convinced that they would all be commandeered by the Army:

We had thought out all kinds of methods for saving the aged pets before we actually grasped the brutal fact that the cavalry really had turned over to petrol. and then, as far as I remember, we felt a trifle affronted.

Consider, too, Miss Allingham's spontaneous reaction to a piece of more than usually senseless bureaucracy on the part of billeting authorities:

I wrote "rubbish" in blue pencil over one form, and we had to spend nearly ten minutes trying to get it out. At the time, I remember, we felt I might get into frightful trouble for doing it, which shows, now I come to think of it, that we must have been getting rather nervy without realising it.

The book is full of phrases which one longs to read out loud at once: "I took another look at the sky over the estuary. It was as empty as the future...." "I had come to the conclusion that this was the end of the world, and that Dante was evidently going to have a hand in it, as I had always feared he might...." "Never until now has the country come into line, come into the true that is, with Mr. Churchill. He is not a man to rise to an hour. The hour has had to rise to him...." "On this occasion I said, 'Oh dear, I'd better make some tea then,' a remark guaranteed to irritate any man facing invasion."

Auburn itself and its inhabitants are lightly sketched in, so that the reader has the feeling of being in touch with people and places that are very dear and familiar. Miss Allingham is an extremely versatile writer. May I remind her that Sussex has had its Belloc and its Kipling, but that the song of Essex has never been properly sung? Her Mr. Campion is too much of a gentleman to mind being neglected for a while in such a cause!

"The Oaken Heart" is autobiography, and so far an easy winner in what looks like a competition for which the new publishing season is providing many entries. Mr. Fredric Warburg has told us about his publishing and matrimonial experiences in *AN OCCUPATION FOR GENTLEMEN*—a title applied to the former, rather than to the latter! This book contains much that is interesting, and some shrewd comments by the author. All the same, I felt out of sympathy with it—not, I hope, merely because Mr. Warburg has a Left Wing bias which I heartily deplore. I think it must be because he sometimes presents as wit what strikes me as being self-consciously jocose. Far the most lively portrait in the whole work is that of the author's second wife, Pamela de Bayou.

Mr. Kenneth More has also entered the Autobiography Stakes with a book called *HAPPY GO LUCKY*. This is, we are told, "the funniest, frankest show-business autobiography of the year." Very well; but I am not certain that funniness and frankness are all that I require of an autobiography. Mr. More is pleasantly disingenuous, and attracts knock-about comedy situations in the same way as the ladies of his profession attract glamorous episodes. His war service as a naval officer was accepted in much the same vein of courage and high good humour as his adventures on stage or screen set. The whole thing is quite amusing, but not much more.

There is a great deal more meat, better cooked and better served, in Field Marshal Sir William Slim's *UNOFFICIAL HISTORY*. Some of these stories, which might have been entitled "the lighter side of campaigning," are really first-class.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

I particularly enjoyed the incidents involving Private Chuck, "the incorrigible rogue," and Sir William's encounter in 1941 with the Russian General Novikov. (The Russian General had a lady A.D.C., the "Adjutanta," with whom Sir William danced at an evening reception. An interpreter was compelled to admit that her comment on the experience had been: "It wasn't very dangerous!") All these tales are endearing, and constant readers will be glad to be reminded, by the publication of this book, that there are

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN Pál Benkő left his native Hungary as a political refugee just under two years ago, he took a bold step. His main skill was in his chess—and as a chess master, he was a much more important person in a Communist country than outside. It is a significant fact indeed that, just to be free, he fled as far as the U.S.A., where chess has no prestige to speak of.

(Pronounce his Christian name just like our "Paul," by the way, and the last syllable of his surname like the last syllable in our word "banker" but elongating it a little and eliminating all trace of the Continental "r.")

That he has succeeded brilliantly enough is spoken for by the fact that he has won a place in the "Candidates' Tournament." In effect, he has established himself as one of the world's best nine players, for whoever wins this tournament of eight meets Botvinnik in a match for the World Championship.

If Benkő adopts U.S. nationality, he will presumably secure a place in the U.S. team. He is only about twenty-six, so may yet improve a lot. With Fischer by his side, he may yet enable the U.S.A. to challenge Russia's world leadership in team tournaments.

In the "Candidates' Tournament," their first two meetings gave Fischer a $\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{2}$ lead:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

BENKO	FISCHER	BENKO	FISCHER
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	N-KB3	26. R-R1	R-KR1
2. N-QB3	P-KN3	27. B-Q5	P-K4
3. P-Q4	B-N2	28. R-R5	K-B3
4. B-N5	P-Q3	29. P-B3	K-N2
5. P-K3	P-B4	30. R-K1	R-Q2
6. N-KB3	P-KR3	31. R(K1)-R1	R-Q3
7. B-R4	P-KN4	32. K-B2	R-N3
8. B-N3	N-R4	33. B-K4	R-Q3
9. P×P	N×B	34. P-N5	B-K6
10. RP×N	P×P	35. P×Pch	R(Q3)×P
11. Q×Qch	K×Q	36. R-N5ch	K-B3
12. O-O-Och	N-Q2	37. R×Rch	R×R
13. B-K2	P-K3	38. R-N8	K-K2
14. N-K4	K-K2	39. R-N7ch	K-Q1
15. R-Q2	P-N3	40. B-Q5	B-Q5
16. N-Q6	P-R3	41. P-QN3	R-R8
17. KR-Q1	R-R2	42. R-Ñ6	P-N4
18. N-R2	N-B3	43. P-R3	R-QR8
19. N-N4	N×N	44. R×P	P-N5
20. B×N	P-B4	45. P-R4	R-K8
21. B-B3	R-B2	46. B-K4	B-B6
22. N×Bch	KR×N	47. B-Q3	P-K5
23. P-KN4	P-B5	48. B×P	R-K7ch
24. P×P	P×P	49. K-B1	R-K8ch
25. R-K2	B-Q5	Drawn (perpetual check)	

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

FISCHER	BENKO	FISCHER	BENKO
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	15. B×N	P×B
2. N-KB3	N-QB3	16. N(B3)-K4	Q-Q5
3. P-Q4	P×P	17. Q-R5	Ñ×B
4. N×P	N-B3	18. Q-R6!!	P×P
5. N-QB3	P-Q3	19. N-R5	P-B4
6. B-QB4	Q-Ñ3	20. QR-Q1	Q-K4
7. N(Q4)-K2	P-K3	21. N(K4)-B6ch	B×N
8. O-O	B-K2	22. N×Bch	Q×N
9. B-N3	O-O	23. Q×Q	N-B4
10. K-R1	N-QR4	24. Q-N5ch	K-R1
11. B-N5	Q-B4	25. Q-K7	B-R3
12. P-B4	P-QN4	26. Q×N	B×R
13. N-N3	P-N5	27. R×B	Resigns
14. P-K5!	P×P		

more Field Marshals than one on the Army List!

Letters are, I suppose, a sort of autobiography. At any rate, they do much to reveal the character of the writer, and I confess at once that I had never conceived that Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Stanley's elusive friend, could have been so ferocious. The second volume of his *FAMILY LETTERS*, covering the period 1849-1856, edited with an introduction by Dr. I. Schapera, is an odd mixture of evangelical piety, day-by-day narrative, medical prescriptions, detailed requirements, and roaring. "Never," he writes in 1849 to Robert Moffat, "did spiteful critics get such a kick on the posteriors as Edwards & Inglis." For a 19th-century missionary, distinctly tough!

It is perhaps appropriate that the *LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY* should be an international effort, translated as it is by Richard Aldington and Delano Ames from "Larousse Mythologie Générale," originally published in France, printed in Czechoslovakia and now published here by the Batchworth Press Ltd., for

this splendid volume covers the mythology of all the world.

As Mr. Robert Graves in his introduction (and who more appropriate to write it?) says:

... the "Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology" offers a comprehensive and compact Who's Who?, or Who Was Who? of the better-known gods, goddesses, heroes, monsters, demons, angels and saints from all over the world, including certain Moslem ones. It does not discuss philosophic theory or religious experience, and treats each cult with the same impersonal courtesy.

The normal, well-educated reader will find himself on firm ground with the mythology of Persia, Babylonia, Egypt and Greece. We can almost at a glance trace the origin of the Grecian god "Pan" to the Egyptian god "Min"; and Gilgamesh has his parallels in the neighbouring countries of the Middle East. We are aware how unwise it was for any maiden in classical times to look kindly on a swan, a bull or even a sparrow. (That Zeus!) But I must confess that the "Encyclopedia of Mythology" opened up whole new fields for me with the mythology of Japan, China and of the Slav lands.

The domestic divinities of Russia, as illustrated in the Encyclopedia, are wholly delightful, and when one sees Voydanoi, the water divinity whose favourite haunt is the millpond, one wishes to say to him "Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mr. Jackson."

A monumental and fascinating work, as valuable to the scholar as to the harassed paterfamilias trying to think up a new story at bedtime.

Of this week's novels, the best seems to me to be Mr. Raymond Postgate's *EVERY MAN IS GOD*, a kind of saga about a parvenu family, ennobled by King Edward VII, living at Mickleton Hall. The third peer is murdered by his wife; his son and daughter get to know this, and the former goes out of his mind. I mean nothing but a compliment when I say that this book reminded me of "Fanny by Gaslight."

Mr. H. Wood Jarvis's *THE HOUSE OF SILENCE* might have been a conventional story about the English wife of an Egyptian Bey in the 1920's, with a background of drug traffic, white slavery, and conspiracy against the British. The book, however, is both exciting and illuminated by Mr. Jarvis's really expert knowledge of his subject.

In my view, *THE HIDING PLACE*, by Robert Shaw, just fails to come off. That is not surprising, because it presumes that a German has been able to keep two English airmen captive in a cellar in Bonn from the war period until 1952. But the characters are well drawn, and the book has a most ingenious ending.

I had never read Sir Charles Snow's first novel, *DEATH UNDER SAIL*, and I approached the republished edition with reverence. I was, I am afraid, disappointed. The rapid murder of the host on a yachting party caused me to shed no tears, and by that time I was regretting that every man jack and jill tar of the whole outfit could not simultaneously swing for it. It was a mistake, I feel, to leave either Avice or Tonia alive. ("Avice" and "Tonia," indeed! I can picture them all too readily.)

Congratulations to M. Jean Conil on his *GASTRONOMIC TOUR DE FRANCE*, a monumental work of taste and scholarship in *haute cuisine*.

And a respectful salute to David Scott Daniell, author of *4TH HUSSAR*, the story of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, the regiment in which Sir Winston Churchill served in 1895. The latter contributes a foreword, in which he says that if a young man "has the good fortune to find himself in an atmosphere where the bonds of discipline are genial and the background of service great, he will be most happily advantaged for the rest of his life." It is a massive and well-earned tribute.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE OAKEN HEART, by Margery Allingham. (*Hutchinson*; 18s.)

AN OCCUPATION FOR GENTLEMEN, by Fredric Warburg. (*Hutchinson*; 21s.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY, by Kenneth More. (*Hale*; 18s.)

UNOFFICIAL HISTORY, by Field Marshal Sir William Slim. (*Cassell*; 21s.)

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. FAMILY LETTERS. Edited by I. Schapera. (*Chatto and Windus*; 60s.)

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY. (*Batchworth*; 50s. until 31-12-1959; thereafter 63s.)

EVERY MAN IS GOD, by Raymond Postgate. (*Joseph*; 15s.)

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE, by H. Wood Jarvis. (*Muller*; 15s.)

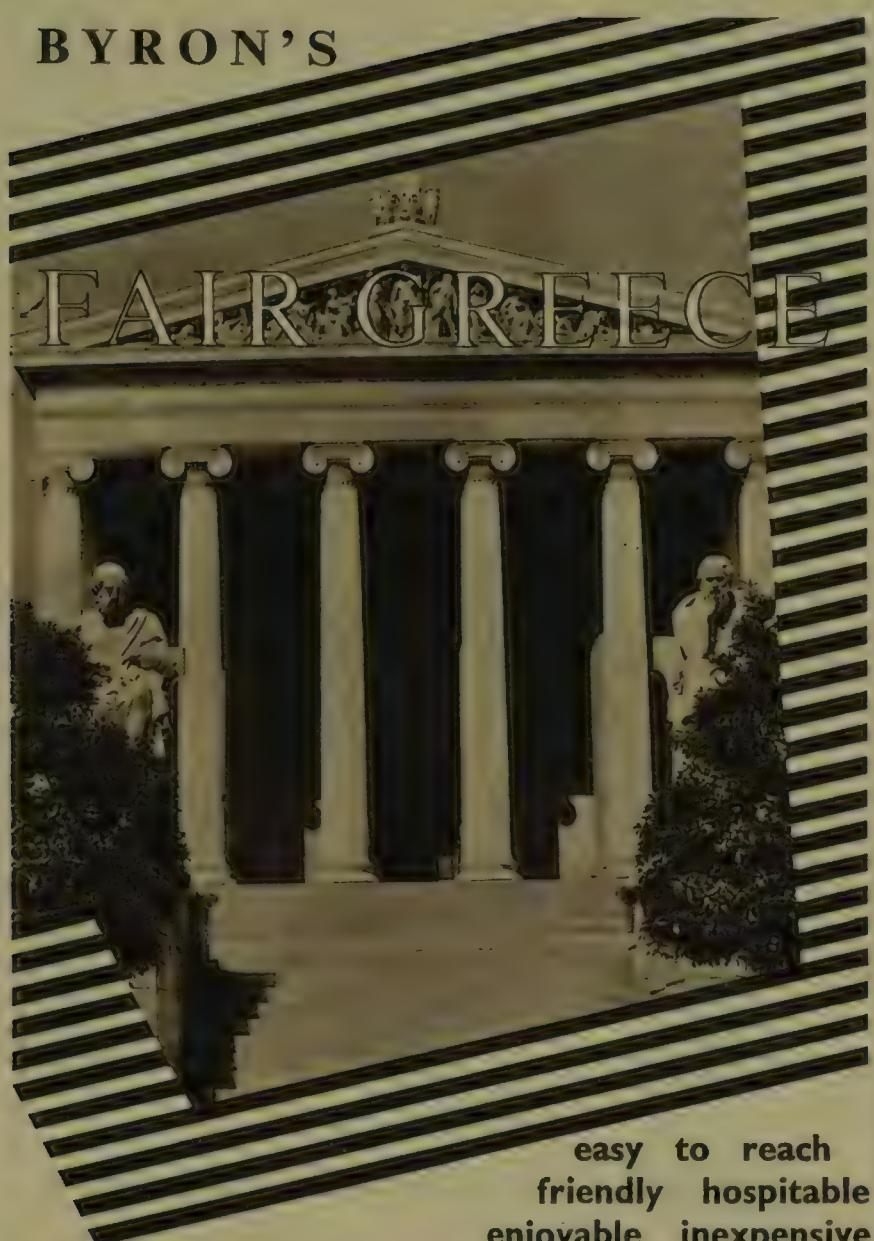
THE HIDING PLACE, by Robert Shaw. (*Chatto and Windus*; 15s.)

DEATH UNDER SAIL, by C. P. Snow. (*Heinemann*; 12s. 6d.)

GASTRONOMIC TOUR DE FRANCE, by Jean Conil. (*Allen and Unwin*; 30s.)

4TH HUSSAR, by David Scott Daniell. (*Gale and Polden*; 4 gns.)

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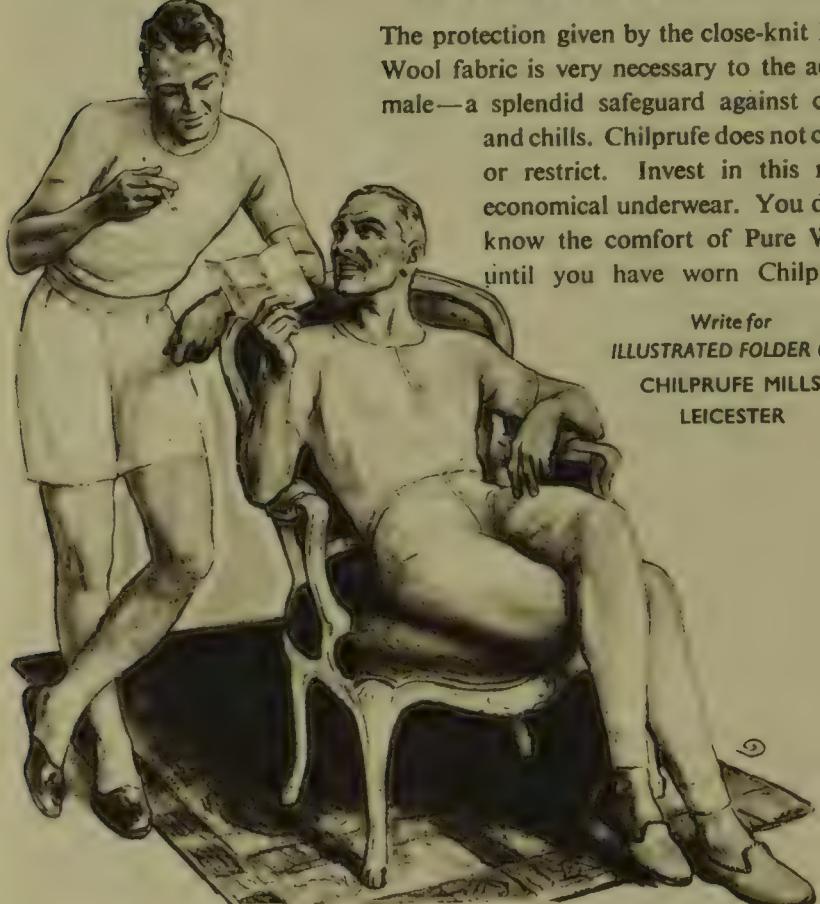
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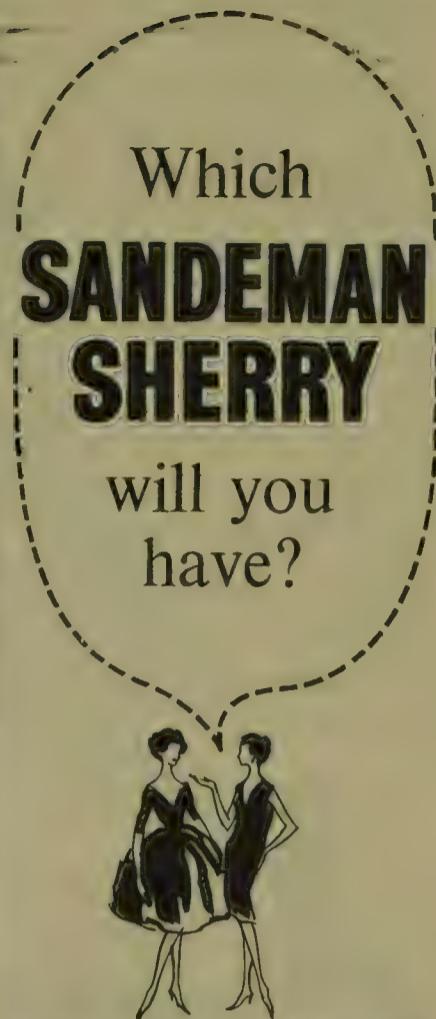


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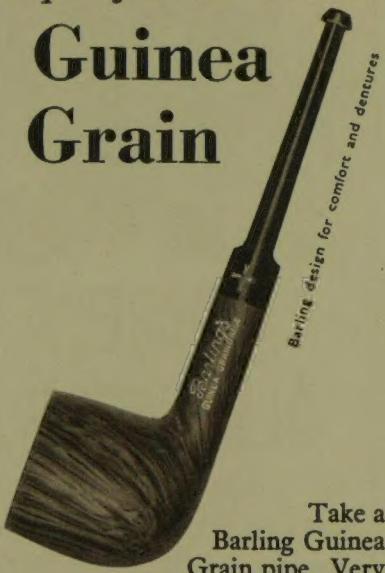
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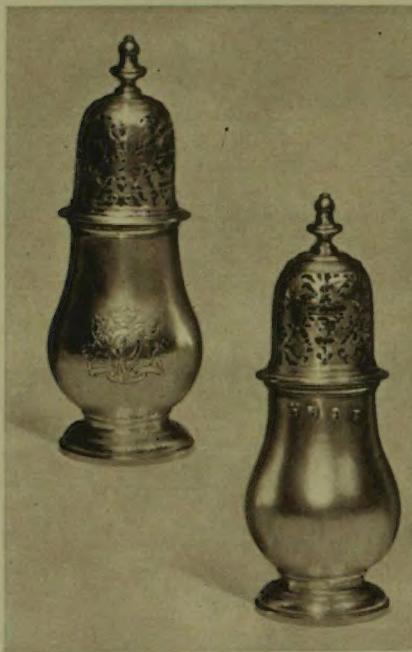
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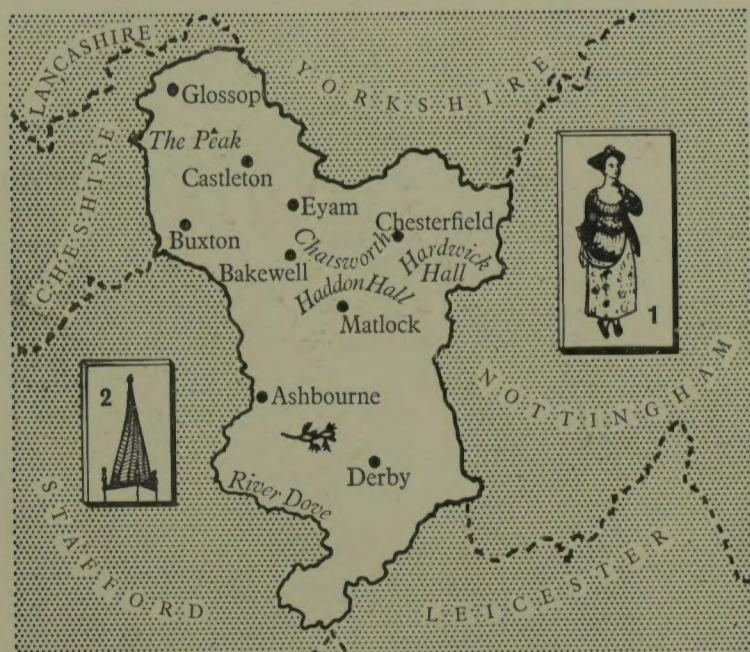
MENTHE

Marie
Brizard



Painted by S. R. Badmin

Shell guide to DERBYSHIRE



All Derbyshire is a wonder, said her poet Charles Cotton (1630-1687). Here you look into the county from one of its caves, across limestone walls, and a limestone farm, to one of those limestone gorges where streams emerge from the grey rock or disappear into it. High above the limestone rise the black grouse moors of the Peak. In the valleys shelter great houses—Haddon Hall (here pictured among its trees), Hardwick Hall, and Chatsworth. Of the limestone streams it was the "silver Dove" which helped to move a London ironmonger, Izaak Walton, to turn a rare Elizabethan book into the more famous *Compleat Angler* which he published in 1683. On the Dove he fished with his Derbyshire friend Cotton, writer himself of the curious long poem *The Wonders of the Peak* and of fine Derbyshire lyrics—

Oh my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies.

Left to right across the cave mouth are some of the county's specialities—a vase of Derbyshire spar, a shepherdess of Derby porcelain (1), lead ore from the old Derbyshire mines, a bowl and trinket of Blue John or topazine fluor from the Blue John mine at Castleton, a Bakewell Tart; and on the drawing-board below the great houses a well or spring dressed with flowers (Derbyshire well-dressing takes place in June), and the twisted spire of Chesterfield church (2), so familiar from the train. Also the celebrated pre-Norman cross in Eyam churchyard.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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The key to the Countryside

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Vice-President: Society of Marine Artists



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In the records of the Navy the name VICTORY goes back to the Armada. But the most famous H.M.S. VICTORY will always be Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar. She was launched at Chatham in 1765, served as flagship at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent and was virtually rebuilt in the early 1800's. Reconstructed here is the scene at Spithead on September 14th, 1805, as Nelson leaves England for the last time. He is being pulled alongside in his barge as VICTORY and the frigate EURYALUS (Capt. Blackwood) fire the gun-salute due to him as a Vice-Admiral.